Choice
EMBLEMS
Divine & Moral

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George

CHOICE EMBLEMS,

DIVINE and MORAL, ANCIENT and MODERN:

OR

DELIGHTS FOR THE INGENIOUS,

IN ABOVE

Fifty Select EMBLEMS,

Curiously Ingraven upon Copper Plates.

With Fifty Pleasant Poems and Lots, by Way of Lottery, for Illustrating each Emblem, to promote Instruction and Good Counsel by Diverting Recreation

London, Printed for *Edmund Parker*, at the *Bible* and *Crown* in *Lombard-street*. 1721.

BRITISH MUSEUM
13 MAY 68

THE AUTHOR UPON THE EMBLEM IN THE FRONTISPIECE.

THIS BOOK containing EMBLEMS, 'twas
thought fit,
A Title-page *should stand to usher it,*
That's Emblematicall: And to that end,
Our AUTHOR to the Graver *did commend*
A plain Invention; that it might be wrought,
According as his Fancy had forethought.
Instead thereof, the Workman *brought to light*
What here you see; therein mistaking quite
The true Design: *And so (with Pains and Cost)*
The first intended FRONTISPIECE is lost.
The AUTHOR was as much displeas'd, as He
In such Adventures is inclin'd to be;
And half resolv'd to cast this PIECE aside,
As nothing worth: but having better ey'd

Upon the FRONTISPIECE.

Thoſe Errors *and* Confuſions *which may there*
Blame-worthy (*at the firſt aſpect*) *appear*;
He ſaw they fitted many Fantaſies
Much better than what Reaſon *can deviſe*;
And that the Graver (*by meer* Chance) *had hit*
On what ſo much tranſcends the reach of Wit,
As made it ſeem an Object of Delight,
To look on what MISFORTUNE *brought to light*:
And here it ſtands, to try his Wit *who liſts*
To pump the Secrets out of Cabaliſts.
If any think this Page *will now declare*
The Meaning of thoſe Figures *which are there*,
They are deceiv'd: *For* Deſtiny *denies*
The utt'ring of ſuch hidden Myſteries.
In theſe reſpects: *Firſt*, This *containeth nought*
Which (*in a proper Senſe*) *concerneth ought*
The Preſent Age: *Moreover*, *'tis ordain'd*
That none muſt know the Secrecies *contain'd*
Within this PIECE, *but they who are ſo wiſe*
To find them out by their own Prudencies:
And he that can unriddle them, to us,
Shall ſtiled be the ſecond OEDIPUS.
'Tis likewiſe thought expedient, now and then,
To make ſome Work, *for thoſe* All-knowing Men,
(*To exerciſe upon*) *who think they ſee*
The Secret Meanings *of all things that be.*
And luſtly, ſince we find that ſome there are
Who beſt affect Inventions *which appear*
Beyond their Underſtandings; This *we knew*
A Repreſentment *worthy of their view*:
And here we placed it, to be to theſe,
A FRONTISPIECE *in any Senſe they pleaſe.*

TO

TO THE READER.

IT is probable, that if some books had not been composed pleasantly, and suitable to mean Capacities, many Persons had not been so delighted in reading, and thereby in time have attained to more useful knowledge. Therefore, though I can say no more to dissuade from vice, or to incourage men to virtue, than hath already been done by many learned Authors, yet these lively Em-

blems may Chance to bring that oftner to Remembrance, which they have more learnedly expreſſed, and perhaps by ſuch Circumſtances as they would not deſcend unto, may inſinuate farther into ſome underſtandings then more applauded Diſcourſes, by ſtirring up the Affections, winning the Attention, or helping the Memory.

And ſince the World is grown ſo very airy that the Printing of ſolid and ſerious Treatiſes hath many times undone the Bookſeller, to advance their Profits, I was moved to invent ſomewhat which might be likely to pleaſe the Populace, and have therefore added Lotteries to theſe Emblems, to occaſion the more frequent notice of the Morals and good Counſels tendred in their Illuſtrations; hoping that ſome time or other, ſome Perſons

ſons may draw thoſe Lots, which may make them more wiſe and happy as long as they live.

Poſſibly this device may be cenſured, and reputed as great an Indecorum as erecting an Alehouſe at the Church-ſtile, yet perhaps if the Wiſeſt would ſometimes take up this book, and without any Superſtitious conceit make Tryal what their Lots would remember or give them cauſe to think on, it might now and then either occaſion better Proceedings, or prevent worſe miſchiefs.

Some Games were ever in uſe; and I think ever will be; And for ought I know ever may be without exception; And I believe this Recreation may be as harmleſs as any, if they be uſed as they are intended; For in

meaning is not, that any one ſhould uſe it as an Oracle, *which can infallibly ſignify what is divinely allotted, but to ſerve only for a* Moral Paſtime; *And that I may by no means incourage the ſecret entertainment of ſuch a Fancy, I do here previouſly affirm and declare, that none but* Children *or* Idiots *may be tollerated to be ſo fooliſh without being laught at.*

Yet if any ſhall draw thoſe Lots wherein their ſecret vices are reproved, and ſome good Inſtructions propoſed, which in their own underſtandings are conducible and pertinent to their welfare, let not ſuch as thoſe paſs them over as meer caſualties to them, for whatſoever theſe Lots are to others, or in themſelves, they ought

to

to be particularly regarded and applied by them to their own concerns.

Some perhaps will think that this Game is purpoſely invented as a means to reprove mens vices without being ſuſpected to aim at particular Perſons; For if any who are Notoriouſly guilty, by drawing theſe Chances ſhall be ſo fitted, that thoſe vices be thereby intimated to the by-ſtanders, of which the world knows them guilty, they do therein make their own Libels, and may I hope be laught at without blame; If not, I do here warn all ſuch as are juſtly ſuſpected of heinous Crimes and Scandalous Converſations, either to forbear theſe Lotteries; or to excuſe me if they be juſtly ſhamed by their own act.

Having thus declared the reaſon of this Invention, and made theſe Anticipations

tions every man hath his own Choice whether he will make use of these Lotteries or no, he that will is left to his Chance, of which how he may make Tryal, direction is given at the latter end of this Book.

R. B.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 88
MAY

Emblem I.

Finis ab Origine pendet.

THE First Emblem Illustrated.

As soon as we to Be begun,
We did begin to be undone.

WHen some, in former Ages, had a meaning
An *Emblem*, of *Mortality*, to make,
They form'd an *Infant*, on a *Deaths-head* leaning,
And round about, encircled with a *Snake*:
The *Child* so pictur'd, was to signify,
That from our very *Birth*, our *Dying* springs:
The *Snake*, her *Tail devouring*, doth imply
The *Revolution*, of all Earthly things.
For, whatsoever hath *beginning*, here,
Begins, immediately, to vary from

The ſame it was; and, doth at laſt appear
What very few did think it ſhould become.
The ſolid *Stone* doth molder into *Earth*,
That *Earth*, e're long, to *Water*, rarifies;
That *Water* gives an *Airy Vapour* birth,
And, thence, a *Fiery-Comet* doth ariſe:
That moves, untill it ſelf it ſo impair,
That from a *burning-Meteor*, back again,
It ſinketh down, and thickens into *Air*;
That *Air* becomes a *Cloud*; then *Drops of Rain*:
Thoſe *Drops*, deſcending on a *Rocky Ground*,
There ſettle into *Earth*, which more and more
Doth harden, ſtill; ſo, running out the *round*,
It grows to be the *Stone* it was before.
Thus, All things wheel about; & each *Beginning*
Made entrance to its own *Deſtruction* hath.
The *Life* of *Nature* entreth in with *Sinning*;
And is, for ever, waited on by *Death*:
The *Life* of *Grace*, is form'd by *Death* to *Sin*;
And, there, doth *Life-eternal*, ſtraight begin.

Lot 1.

When thou haſt changes good or bad,
O'rejoy'd thou art, or overſad:
As if it ſeemed very ſtrange,
To ſee the wind or Weather change.

So therefore to remember thee
How Changeable things Mortal be,
Thou art aſſiſted by this Lot,
Now, let it be no more forgot.

Emblem II.

Quo me vertam nescio.

THE Second Emblem Illuſtrated.

When Vice and Virtue Youth ſhall woo,
'Tis hard to ſay which way 'twill go.

MY hopeful *Friends* at thrice five years & three
Without a *Guide* (into the World alone)
To ſeek my *Fortune*, did adventure mee;
And, many hazards, I alighted on.
Firſt *Englands* greateſt *Rendevouz* I ſought,
Where VICE and VERTUE at the higheſt ſit;
And, thither, both a *Mind* and *Body* brought,
For neither of their Services unfit.
Both, woo'd my *Youth*: And, both perſwaded ſo,
That (like the *Young man* in our *Emblem* here)

I ſtood, and cry'd, *Ah! which way ſhall I go?*
To me ſo pleaſing both their Offers were.
VICE *Pleaſures* beſt. Contentments promiſt me,
And what the wanton *Fleſh* deſires to have:
Quoth VERTUE, *I will Wiſdom give to thee,*
And thoſe brave things, wch nobleſt Minds do crave.
Serve me ſaid VICE, *and thou ſhalt ſoon acquire*
All thoſe Atchievements which my Service brings:
Serve me ſaid VERTUE, *and I'le raiſe thee higher,*
Then VICES *can, and teach thee better things.*
Whil'ſt thus they ſtrove to gain me, I eſpyd
Grim *Death* attending VICE; and, that her Face
Was but a painted *Vizard*, which did hide
The foul'ſt Deformity that ever was.
LORD, *grant me grace for evermore to view*
Her Uglineſs: And, that I viewing it,
Her Falſehoods and allurements may eſchew;
And on fair VERTUE *my Affection ſet;*
Her Beauties contemplate, her Love embrace,
And by her ſafe Direction, run my Race.

Lot 2.

WIth *Mary* thou art one of thoſe,
By whom the better part is choſe:
And though thou tempted art aſtray,
Continu'ſt in a lawful way.

Give God the praiſe with heart unfeign'd,
That he ſuch grace to thee hath deign'd.
And rein thy Lot where thou ſhalt ſee,
What hag hath laid a Trap for thee.

Emblem III.

Vivitur Ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

The

THE Third Emblem. Illuſtrated.

By knowledge only Life *we gain,*
All other things to Death *pertain.*

(Time

HOw Fond are they, who ſpend their pretious Time
In ſtill purſuing their deceiving *Pleaſures?*
And they, that unto airy *Titles* clime
Or tire themſelves in hording up of *Treaſures?*
For, theſe are *Death's*, who, when with wearineſs
They have acquired moſt, ſweeps all away;
And leaves them, for their Labors, to poſſeſs
Nought but a raw-bon'd *Carcaſs* lapt in clay.
Of twenty hundred thouſands, who this hour
Vaunt much of thoſe *Poſſeſſions* they have got;

Of

Of their new purchas'd *Honours*, or, the *Power*,
By which, they ſeem to have advanc't their *Lot*:
Of this great *Multitude*, there ſhall not *Three*
Remain, for any *Future-age* to know;
But periſh quite, and quite forgotten be,
As *Beaſts*, devoured twice ten years ago.
Thou, therefore, who deſir'ſt for ay to live,
And to poſſeſs thy *Labours* maugre *Death*,
To needful *Arts* and honeſt *Actions*, give
Thy Span of *Time*, and thy ſhort blaſt of *Breath*.
In holy *Studies*, exerciſe thy *Mind*;
In works of *Charity*, thy *Hands* imploy;
That *Knowledge*, and that *Treaſure*, ſeek to find,
Which may enrich thy *Heart* with perfect *Joy*.
So though obſcured thou appear, a while,
Deſpiſed, poor or born to Fortunes low,
Thy *Vertue* ſhall acquire a nobler ſtile,
Then greateſt *Kings* are able to beſtow:
And, gain thee thoſe *Poſſeſſions*, which, nor *They*,
Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, have power to take away

Lot 3.

THou doſt overmuch reſpect,
That which will thy harm effect.
But ſome other things there be;
Which will more advantage thee.

Search thy heart and thou ſhalt there
Soon diſcover what they are.
Yea thine Emblem ſhews thee too
What to ſhun, and what to do.

Emblem. IV.

Emblem IV.

Emb. 4.

ΠΑΝΤΑ ΛΕΛΟΙΠΑ

The

THE Fourth Emblem Illuſtrated.

As to the World *I* Naked *came,*
So naked ſtript I leave the ſame.

THrice happy is that Man whoſe *Thoughts* do rear
His Mind above that pitch the *Worldling* flies
And by his *Contemplations*, hovers where.
He views things mortal, with unbleared eyes.
What Trifles then do *Villages* and *Towns*
Large *Fields* or *Flocks* of fruitful *Cattle* ſeem.
Nay, what poor things are *Miters*, *Scepters*, *Crowns*,
And all thoſe *Glories* which men moſt eſteem.
Though he that hath among them, his Delight
Brave things imagines them (becauſe they blind

With

With ſome falſe Luſtre his beguiled ſight) (find.
He that's above them, their mean-Worth may
Lord, to that *Bleſſed-Station* me convey
Where I may view the *World*, and view her ſo,
That I her true Condition may ſurvey;
And all her Imperfections rightly know.
Remember me, that once there was a Day,
When thou didſt wean me from them with con-
Ev'n when ſhut up within thoſe *Gates* I lay (tent,
Through which the *Plague-inflicting Angel* went.
And, let me ſtill remember, that an Hour
Is hourly coming on, wherein I ſhall
(Though I had all the *World* within my power)
Be naked ſtript, and turned out of all.
But mind me, chiefly, that I never cleave
Too cloſely to my *Self*; and cauſe thou me
Not other Earthly things alone to leave,
But to forſake my *Self* for love of *Thee*:
That I may ſay, now *I have all things left*,
Before that I of all things, am bereft.

Lot 4.

BE not angry if I tell,
That you love the World too well,
For this Lot, perhaps you drew;
That ſuch faults you might eſchew.

Mark to what their Souls aſpire
Who True Bleſſedneſs deſire;
For if you can do like thoſe,
Heaven you gain when Earth you loſe.

Emblem V.

Ad Scopum, licet Ægre, & fruſtra.

THE Fifth Emblem Illuſtrated.

A Fool in Folly taketh Pain,
Although he labour ſtill in vain.

A Maſſie *Mil-ſtone* up a tedious Hill,
With mighty Labour, *Siſyphus* doth roll;
Which being rais'd aloft, down-tumbleth, ſtill,
To keep imployed his afflicted *Soul*.
On him, this tedious Labour is impos'd;
And (though in vain) it muſt be ſtill aſſayd:
But, ſome, by no Neceſſity inclos'd,
Upon themſelves, ſuch needleſs Tasks have laid.
Yea, knowing not (or caring not to know)
That they are worn and weary'd out in vain,

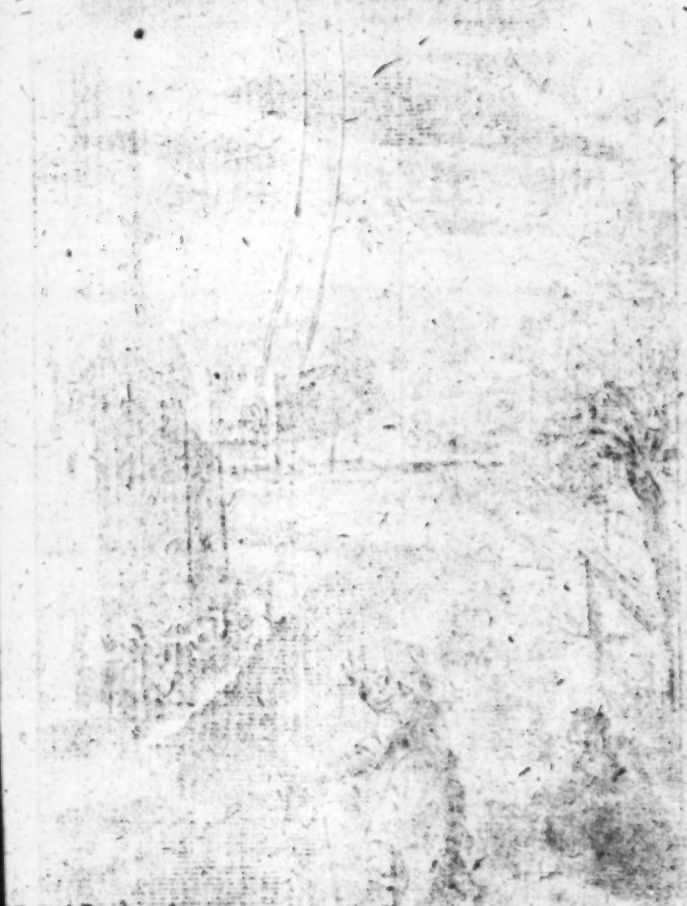
They

They madly toil to plung themſelves in Wo;
And, ſeek uncertain *Eaſe*, in certain *Pain.*
Such *Fools* are they, who dream they can acquire
A Mind-content, by *Lab'ring ſtill for more*:
For, *Wealth* encreaſing doth encreaſe *Deſire*,
And makes *Contentment* leſſer then before.
Such *Fools* are they, whoſe *Hopes* do vainly ſtretch
To climb by *Titles*, to a happy Height:
For, having gotten one *Ambitious-Reach*,
Another comes perpetually in ſight.
And, their ſtupidity is nothing leſs,
Who dream that *Fleſh* and *Blood* may raiſed be
Up to the *Mount of perfect Holineſs*:
For (at our beſt) corrupt and vile are we.
Yet, we are bound by *Faith*, with *Love*, and *Hope*,
To roll the Stone of *Good Endeavour*, ſtill,
As near as may be, to *Perfections top*,
Though back again it rumble down the *Hill.*
So; What Our *Works* had never power to do,
God's Grace, at laſt, ſhall freely bring us to,

Lot 5.

M.

DOubtleſs thou art either wooing,
Or ſome other buſineſs doing,
Which you ſhall attempt in vain,
Or much hazard all your pain.



Yet if good your meanings are,
Do not honeſt means forbear.
For where things are well begun,
God oft works when man hath done.

Emblem VI.

Pedetentim.

THE Sixth Emblem Illuſtrated.

His Pace muſt wary be and ſlow,
That hath a ſlippery way to go.

A Travailer, when he muſt undertake
To ſeek his paſſage, o're ſome *Frozen Lake*,
With *leiſure*, and with *care*, he will aſſay
The glaſſy ſmoothneſs of that *Icy-way*,
Leſt he may *ſlip*, by walking over-faſt;
Or, break the crackling *Pavement*, by his haſt:
And, ſo (for want of better taking heed)
Incur the miſchiefs of *Unwary-ſpeed*.
We are all *Travellers*; and, all of us
Have many paſſages, as dangerous,

As *Frozen-lakes*; and *Slipery-ways*, we tread,
In which our lives may ſoon be forfeited,
(With all our hopes of *Life-Eternal*, too)
Unleſs, we well conſider what we do.
There is no private *Way* or publick *Path*
But rubs, or holes, or ſlipp'rineſs it hath,
Whereby, we ſhall with *Miſchiefs* meet; unleſs
We walk it, with a *ſtedfaſt-warineſs*.
The ſteps to *Honour*, are on *Pinacles*
Compos'd of melting Snow, and Iſicles;
And, they who tread not nicely on their tops,
Shall on a ſuddain ſlip from all their *hopes*.
Yea, ev'n that way which is both ſure and holy,
And leads the mind from Vanities and Folly,
Is with ſo many other *Path-ways* croſt,
As that, by Raſhneſs, it may ſoon be loſt;
Unleſs, we well deliberate, upon
Thoſe *Tracts*, in which our *Anceſtours* have gone:
And, they who with more *haſte*, then *heed*, will run
May loſe the way, in which they well begun,

Lot. 6.

IN ſlippery Paths you are to go,
yea, they are full of danger too.
And if you heedful ſhould not grow
They'l hazard much your overthrow.

But you the miſchief may eſchew,
If wholſom Counſel you purſue;
Look therefore, what you may be taught,
By that, which this your chance hath brought.

Emblem VII.

Pro Lege & pro Grege.

The

THE Seventh Emblem Illuſtrated.

Our Pelican by bleeding thus,
Fulfill'd the Law, and cured us.

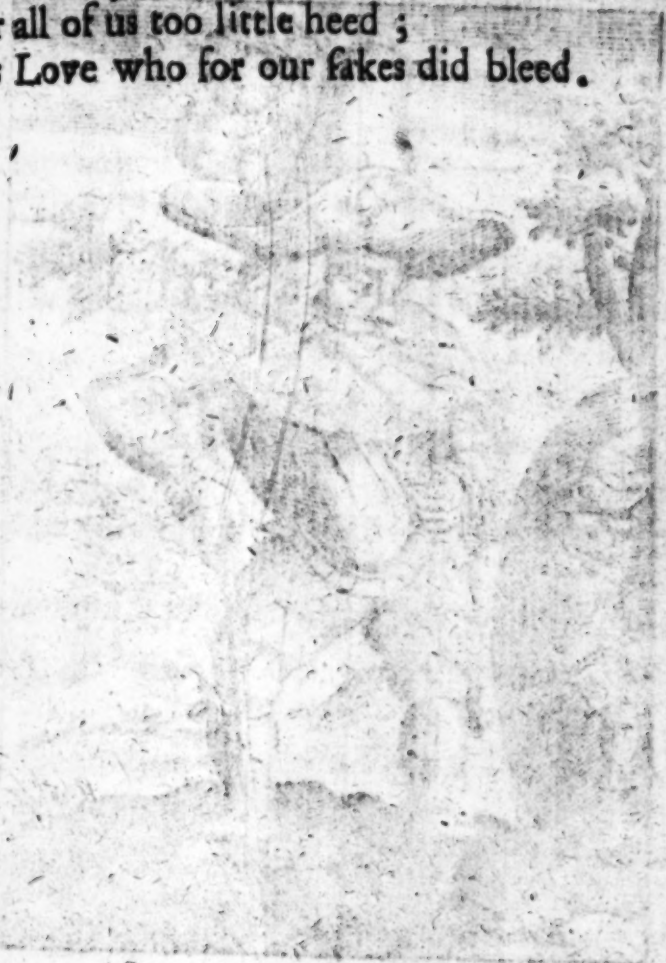
LOok here, and mark (her ſickly birds to feed)
How freely this kind *Pelican* doth bleed.
See, how (when other *Salves* could not be found)
To cure their ſorrows, ſhe her ſelf doth wound.
And when this holy *Emblem* thou ſhalt ſee,
Lift up thy ſoul to him, who dy'd for thee.
For this our *Hieroglyphick* would expreſs
That *Pelican*, which in the *Wilderneſs*
Of this vaſt *World*, was left (as all alone)
Our miſerable *Nature* to bemone;

And in whose eyes, the tears of pity stood,
When he beheld his own unthankful *Brood*
His *Favours* and his *Mercies*, then contemn,
When with his wings he would have broode
(them
And sought their endless peace to have confirm'd,
Though to procure his ruine, they were arm'd.
To be their *Food*, himself he freely gave;
His *Heart* was pierc'd, that he their *Souls* might
Because, they disobey'd the *Sacred-will*, (save
He did the *Law of Righteousness* fulfill;
And to that end(though guiltless he had bin)
Was offered, for our *Universal-sin*.
Let me, Oh *God*! for ever fix mine eyes
Upon the Merit of that *Sacrifice*:
Let me retain a due commemoration
Of those dear *Mercies, and* that bloody *Passion*
Which here is meant; and by true *Faith*, still
Upon the drops, this *Pelican* did bleed; (feed
Yea, let me firm unto thy *Law* abide,
And ever love that *Flock*, for which he dy'd

Lot. 7

Lot 7.

THis present Lot concerns full near,
Not you alone but all men here.
For all of us too little heed ;
His Love who for our sakes did bleed.



'Tis true, that means he left behind him
which better teacheth how to mind him.
Yet if we both by that, and this,
Remember him, 'tis not amiss.

Emblem VIII.

Quid si sic?

THE Eighth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Though he endeavour all he can,
An Ape will never be a man.

WHat though an *Apiſh-Pigmy*, in attire,
His Dwarfiſh Body *Gyant-like*, array?
Turn *Brave*, & get him *Stilts* to ſeem the higher?
What would ſo doing, handſome him I pray?
Now, ſurely, ſuch a Mimick ſight as that,
Would with exceſſive Laughter move your Spleen,
Till you had made the little *Dandiprat*,
To lye within ſome Auger-hole, unſeen.
I muſt confeſs I cannot chuſe but ſmile,
When I perceive, how Men that worthleſs are;

Piece out their *Imperfections*, to beguile,
By making ſhows, of what they never were.
For, in their *borrow'd-Shapes*, I know thoſe Men,
And (through their *Masks*) ſuch inſight of them
That I can oftentimes diſcloſe (ev'n then) (have;
How much they ſavour of the *Fool* or *Knave*.
A *Pigmey-ſpirit*, and an *Earthly-Mind*,
Whoſe look is only fixt on Objects vain;
In my eſteem, ſo mean a place doth find,
That ev'ry ſuch a one, I much refrain.
But, when in honour'd *Robes* I ſee it put,
Betrimm'd, as if ſome thing of *Worth* it were,
Look big, and on the *Stilts* of *Greatneſs*, ſtrut
From ſcorning it, I cannot then forbear.
For, when to groſs *Unworthineſs* Men add
Thoſe Dues, which to the *Trueſt-worth* pertain;
Tis like an *Ape*, in *Humane-Veſtments* clad,
Which, when moſt fine, deſerveth moſt diſdain:
And more abſurd, thoſe Men appear to me,
Then this *Fantaſtick-Monkey* ſeems to thee.

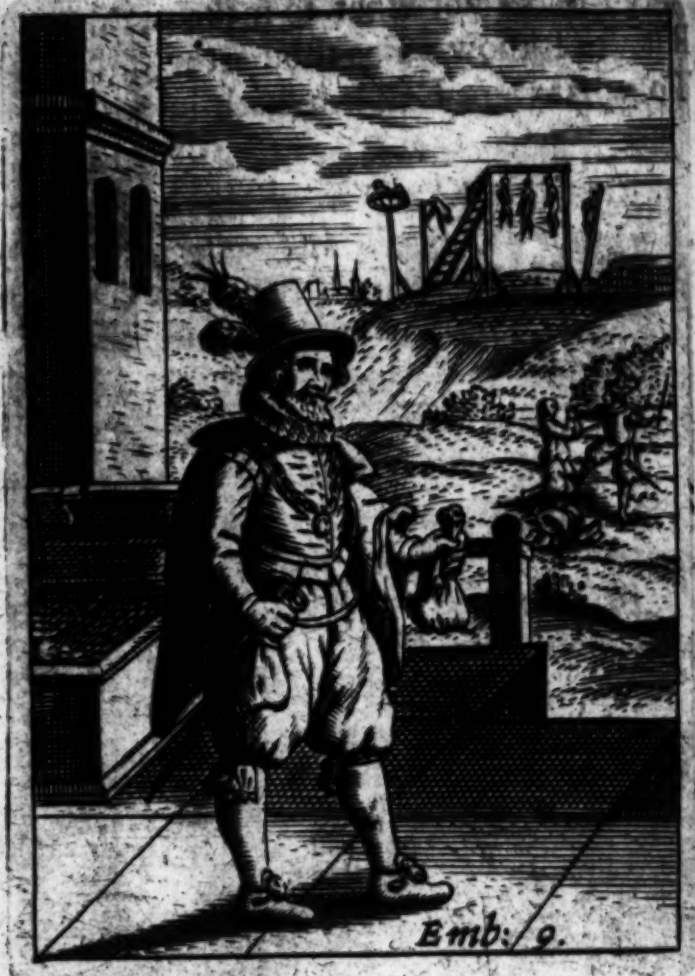
Lot 8.

M.

Thy chance is doubtful and as yet,
I know not what to make of it.
But this I know a Foe thou art;
To what thine Emblem, hath in part,

Expreſſed by a Mimick Shape;
Or thou thy ſelf art ſuch an ape.
Now which of theſe pertains to thee,
Let them that know the Judges be.

Emblem IX.



Fures Privati in Nervo, Publici in Auro.

The

THE Ninth Emblem Illustrated.

Poor Thieves in Fetters we behold,
And Great Thieves in their Chains of Gold.

IF you this *Emblem* well have look'd upon,
Although you cannot help it, yet, bemone
The Worlds black Impudence; and if you can
Continue (or become) an honest man.
The poor, and petty *Pilferers*, you see
On *Wheels*, on *Gibbets*, and the *Gallow tree*
Trust up; when they that far more guilty are,
Pearl, Silk, and costly Cloth of Tissue, wear.

Good

Good *God*! how many hath each *Land* of those,
Who neither limb, nor life, nor credit lose,
(But, rather live befriended, and applauded)
Yet, have of all their livelihoods defrauded
The helpless *Widows*, in their great distress?
And of their Portions, rob'd the *Fatherless*?
Yet, censur'd other's Errours, as if none
Had cause to say, that they amiss have done?
How many, have assisted to condemn
Poor souls, for what was never stoln by them?
And persecuted others, for that Sin,
Which they themselves, had more transgressed in?
How many worthless men, are great become,
By that, which they have stoln, or cheated from
Their *Lords*? or (by some practices unjust)
From those, by whom they had been put in trust?
How many *Lawyers*, wealthy men are grown,
By taking Fees for *Causes* overthrown
By their defaults? How many, without fear,
Do rob the *King*, and *God*, yet blameless are?
God knows how many! would I did so, too,
So I had pow'r to make them better do.

Lot 9.

We hope no Perſon here believes,
That you are of thoſe wealthy Thieves.
Who Chains of Gold and Pearl do wear;
And of thoſe Thieves that none you are,

Which wear a Rope we plainly ſee,
For you as yet unhanged be.
But unto God for Mercy cry;
Elſe hang'd you may be e're you die.

Emblem X.

Emblem X.

Fulcrum Tutamen.

THE
Tenth Emblem.
Illuſtrated.

We then have got the ſureſt Prop,
When Heaven alone becomes our hope.

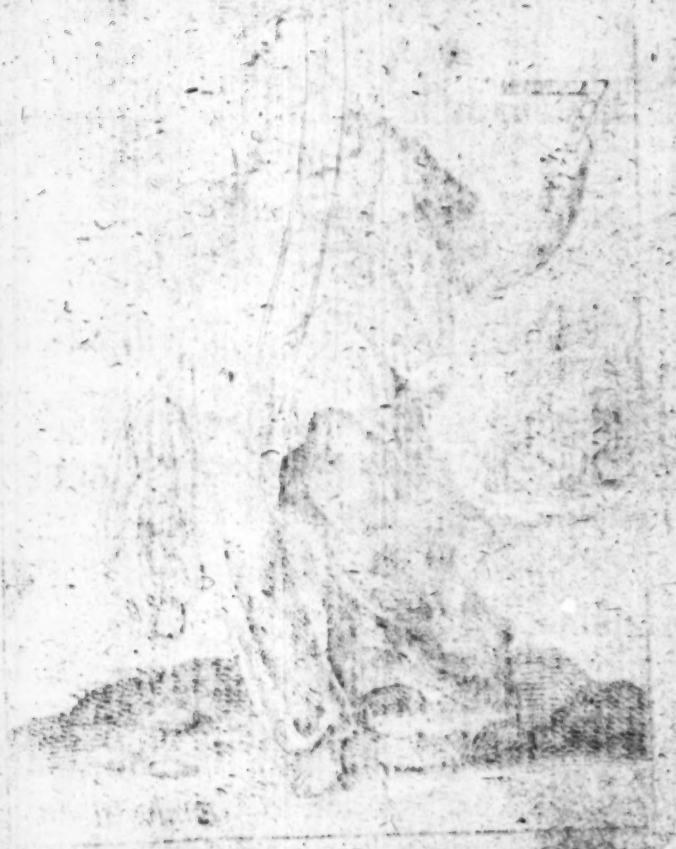
I Should not care how hard my *Fortunes* were,
Might ſtill my *Hopes* be ſuch, as now they are,
Of helps divine; nor fear, how poor I be,
If thoughts, yet preſent, ſtill may bide in me.
For, they have left aſſurance of ſuch *aid*,
That, I am of no dangers, now afraid.
Yea, now I ſee, methinks, what weak and vain
Supporters I have ſought, to help, ſuſtain
My fainting heart; when ſome injurious hand,
Would undermine the Station where I ſtand.

Me

Methinks, I see how ſcurvy, and how baſe,
It is to ſcrap for favours, and for grace,
To men of earthly minds; and unto thoſe,
Who may, perhaps, before to morrow loſe
Their wealth, (or their abus'd Authority)
And ſtand as much in want of help as I.
Me thinks, in this *New-rapture* I do ſee
The hand of *God* from heaven ſupporting me,
Without thoſe *rotten-Aids*, for which I whin'd,
When I was of my tother *vulgar-mind*:
And if in ſome one part of me it lay,
I now, could cut that *Limb* of mine away.
Still might I keep this mind, there were enough
Within my ſelf, (beſide that cumbring ſtuff
We ſeek *without*) which, husbanded aright,
Would make me *Rich*, in all the *worlds* deſpight.
And I have hopes, that had ſhe quite bereft me,
Of thoſe few *raggs* and *toys*, which yet are left
I ſhould on *God*, alone, ſo much depend, (me;
That, I ſhould need, nor *Wealth*, nor other *Friend*,

Lot 10.

BEcauſe her Aid makes goodly ſhows,
You on the world your Truſt repoſe;
And his dependance you deſpiſe,
Who clearly on Heavens help relies.



That therefore you may come to ſee,
How pleaſ'd and ſafe thoſe men may be.
Who have no Aid but God alone;
This Emblem you have lighted on.

Emblem XI.

Serva Modum.

The

THE Eleventh Emblem Illuſtrated.

Do not the Golden Mean exceed.
In word, in Paſſion, nor in deed.

AS is the head-ſtrong *Horſe*, and blockiſh *Mule*,
Ev'n ſuch, without the *Bridle*, and the *Rule*,
Our *Nature* grows; and is as miſchievous,
Till *Grace* and *Reaſon*, come to govern us.
The *Square*, and *Bridle*, therefore let us heed,
And thereby learn to know, what *helps* we need;
Leſt, elſe, (they failing, timely, to be had)
Quite out of *Order*, we at length, be made.
The *Square*, (which is an uſeful *Inſtrument*,
To ſhape for ſenſeleſs *Forms*) may repreſent

The

The *Law*: Becauſe *Mankind*, (which is by Nature,
Almoſt as dull, as is the *ſenſeleſs-creature*,)
Is thereby, from the *native-rudeneſs*, wrought;
And in the *Way* of honeſt-living taught.
The *Bridle*, (which Invention did contrive,
To rule, and guide the *Creature-ſenſitive*)
May type forth *Diſcipline*; which when the *Law*
Hath ſchool'd the *Wit*, muſt keep the *Will* in awe.
And he that can by theſe, his *Paſſions* bound,
This *Emblems* meaning, uſefully, hath found.

Lord, let thy ſacred *Law*, at all times, be
A *rule* a *Maſter*, and a *Glaſs* to me;
(A *Bridle*, and a *Light*) that I may, ſtill,
Both know my *Duty*, and obey thy *Will*.
Direct my *Feet*; my *Hands* inſtruct thou ſo,
That I may neither *wander*, nor *miſ-do*.
My *Looks*, my *Hearing*, and my *Words* confine,
To keep ſtill firm, to ev'ry *Word* of thine.

On thee, let alſo my *Deſires* attend,
And let me hold this *Temper*, till mine end.

LOT III.

YOur wits, your wishes, and your Tongue
Have run the wild-Gooſe chaſe too long.
And (leſt all Reaſon you exceed)
You now of Rule, and Reins have need.

A Bridle therefore and a ſquare,
Chief Figures in your Emblem are.
Obſerve their Moral, and alway,
Be wiſe and ſober as you may.

Emblem XII.

Paupertate premor, Sublevor Ingenio.

THE Twelfth Emblem Illuſtrated.

My wit got wings, and high had flown,
But Poverty did keep me down.

YOu little think, what plague it is to be,
In plight like *him*, whom pictur'd here you (ſee.
His *winged-Arm*, and his *up lifted-eyes*,
Declare, that he hath *Wit*, and *Will*, to riſe:
The *Stone*, which clogs his other *hand*, may ſhow
That *Poverty* and *Fortune*, keep him low:
And 'twixt theſe *two*, the *Body* and the *Mind*,
Such labours, and ſuch great vexations find,
That, if you did not ſuch mens wants contemn,
You could not chuſe but help, or pity them.

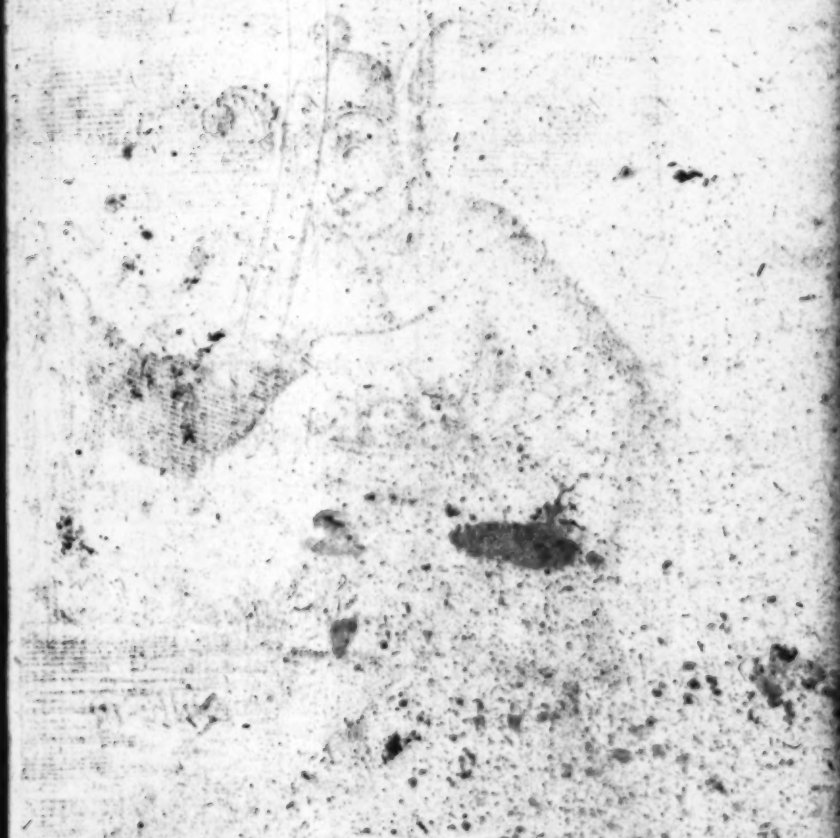
All

All Ages had (and this I know hath ſome)
Such men as to this miſery, do come:
And many of them, at their *Lot*, ſo grieve,
As if they knew, (or did at leaſt believe)
That, had their *Wealth* ſuffic'd them to aſpire
(To what their *Wits* deſerve, and they *deſire*)
The preſent Age, and future Ages too,
Might gain have had, from what they thought
to do.

Perhaps I dream'd ſo once: But, God be prais'd,
The *Clog* which kept me down, from being rais'd,
Was chain'd ſo faſt, that (if ſuch *Dreams* I had)
My *thoughts*, and *longings*, are not now ſo mad.
For, plain I ſee, that had my *Fortunes* brought
Such *Wealth*, at firſt, as my ſmall *Wit* hath ſought,
I might my ſelf, and others, have undone;
Inſtead of *Courſes*, which I thought to run:
I find my *Poverty*, for me was fit;
Yea, and a *Bleſſing*, greater than my *Wit*:
And whether, now I *rich* or *poor* become,
'Tis nor much *pleaſing*, nor much *troubleſome*.

Lot 12.

THou think'ſt thy wit had made thee Great,
Had Poverty not been ſome lot.
But had thy wealth as ample been,
As thou didſt think thy wit ſo fine;



ſtead of thy deſired hight,
erhaps thou hadſt been ruin'd quite.
ereafter therefore be content,
ith whatſoever Heaven hath ſent.

Emblem XIII.

Stultorum Adjumenta Nocumenta.

THE Thirteenth Emblem Illuſtrated.

The beſt good turns that Fools can do us.
Prove diſadvantages unto us.

A *Fool*, ſent forth to fetch the *Goſlings* home,
When they unto a Rivers brink were come,
(Through which their paſſage lay) conceiv'd a (fear,
His Dames beſt *Brood* might have been drown'd (there;
Which, to avoid, he thus did ſhew his wit,
And his good nature, in preventing it.
He, underneath his *girdle*, thruſts their heads,
And then the Coxcomb through the water wades.

Here learn, that when a *Fool* his help intends,
It rather doth a miſchief, then befriends;
And think, if there be danger in his *love*,
How harmful his *Malitiouſneſs* may prove:
For, from his *kindneſs*, though no profit riſe,
To do thee ſpight, his *Malice* may ſuffice.
I could not from a *Prince* beſeech a boon
By ſuing to his *Jeſter* or *Buffoon*:
Nor any Fools vain humor ſooth or ſerve,
To get my bread, though I were like to ſtarve.
For to be *poor*, I ſhould not bluſh ſo much,
As if a *Fool* ſhould raiſe me to be *rich*.

Lord, though of ſuch a kind my faults may be,
That ſharp *Affliction* ſtill muſt tutor me,
(And give me due *Correction* in her Schools)
Yet, oh preſerve me from the ſcorn of *Fools*.
Thoſe wicked *Fools*, that in their hearts have ſaid
There is no God; and rather give me *Bread*
By *Ravens*, LORD, or in a *Lions* Den,
Then by the Favours of ſuch fooliſh men:
Leſt, if their *dainties* I ſhould ſwallow down,
Their ſmile might more undo, me then their
(*frown*

Lot 13.

THou dost not greatly care by whom
Thy wealth, or thy Preferments come,
So thou may'st get them, Fool or knave,
Thy Prayers, and thy Praise may have.

Because thou dost not fear or dream
What disadvantage comes by them;
But by thine Emblem, thou may'st see,
Fools favours mischievous may be.

Emblem XIV.

Pueros castigo, viros que.

THE Fourteenth Emblem Illustrated.

Behold and mark the Picture here,
Of what keeps Man *and* Child *in fear.*

THese are the greatest *Afflictions*, most men have,
Ev'n from their *Nursing-cradle* to their *Grave*:
Yet, both so needful are, I cannot see,
How either of them, may well spared be.
The *Rod* is that, which most our *Childhood* fears;
And seems the great'st *Affliction* that it bears:
That, which to *Man-hood*, is a plague, as common
And more unsufferable) is a *Woman*.
Yet, blush not *Ladies*; neither frown, I pray,
That thus of *Women* I presume to say;

Nor number me, as yet, among your *foes*;
For, I am more your *friends*, then you suppose.
Nor smile ye *Men*, as if, from hence, ye had
An Argument, that *Woman-kind* were bad:
The *Birch*, is blameless (yea; by nature, sweet,
And gentle) till, with stubborn Boys, it meet,
But, then it smarts. So, *Women*, will be kind,
Until, with froward *Husbands*, they are joyn'd:
And then indeed (perhaps) like Birchen boughs,
(Which, else, had been a trimming, to their House)
They sometimes prove, sharp *whips*, and *Rods*, to (them,
That *Wisdom*, and *Instruction* do contemn.
A *Woman*, was not given for *Correction*;
But, rather for a furtherance to *Perfection*:
A precious *Balm of love*, to cure Mans grief;
And of his Pleasures, to become the chief.
If, therefore, she occasion any smart,
The blame, he merits, wholly, or in part:
For, like sweet *Honey*, she good *Stomacks*, pleases;
But pains the *Body*, subject to *Diseases*.

Lot 14.

M.

THe time hath been that of the Rod
Thou wert more fearful then of God.
But now unleſs thou prudent grow,
More cauſe thou haſt to fear a *Shrow*.

For from the Rod now thou art free,
A Woman ſhall thy Torment be.
Yet do not thou at her repine;
For all the Fault is only thine.

Emblem XV.

Concordia Insuperabilis.

The

THE Fifteenth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Where many Forces joyned are,
Unconquerable Power is there.

AN *Emblem's* meaning, here, I thought to conſter;
And this doth rather faſhion out a *Monſter*,
Then form an *Hieroglyphick* : but, I had
Theſe *Figures* (as you ſee them) ready made
By others ; and I mean to *morallize*
Their Fancies ; not to mend what they deviſe,
Yet, peradventure with ſome vulgar praiſe,
This *Picture* (though I like it not) diſplays

The

The *Moral*, which the *Motto* doth imply;
And thus it may be ſaid to ſignifie.
He, that hath many *Faculties*, or *Friends*,
To keep him ſafe (or to acquire his ends)
And fits them ſo; and keeps them ſo together,
That, ſtill, as readily, they aid each other,
As if ſo many *Hands*, they had been made;
And in *One-body*, uſeful being had:
That man, by their Aſſiſtance, may, at length,
Attain to an *unconquerable ſtrength*;
And crown his honeſt *Hopes*, with whatſoever
He ſeeks for, by a warranted Endeavour.
Or, elſe, it might be ſaid; that, when we may
Make our *Affections*, and our *Senſe*, obey
The will of *Reaſon*, (and ſo well agree,
That we may find them, ſtill at peace to be)
They'l guard us, like ſo many *Armed bands*;
And ſafely keep us, whatſoever withſtands.
If others think this *Figure*, here, infers
A better ſenſe; let thoſe *Interpreters*
Unriddle it; and preach it where they pleaſe:
Their *Meanings* may be good, and ſo are theſe.

Lot 15.

IF all your Powers you ſhould unite
In your deſires prevail you might;
And ſooner ſhould effect your ends
If you ſhould muſter up your friends.

But ſince your beſt friends do ſuſpect,
That you ſuch Policy neglect.
Your Lot preſenteth to your view
An Emblem which inſtructeth you.

Emblem XVI.

Non Sceptro sed Plectro ducitur.

The

THE Sixteenth Emblem Illuſtrated.

A Fickle Woman wanton grown,
Prefers a Fiddle before a Crown.

FOol! Doſt thou hope, thine *Honours*, or thy *Gold*,
Shall gain thee *Love*? Or, that thou haſt her heart,
Whoſe hand upon thy tempting *Bait* laies hold?
Alas! fond *Lover*, thou deceived art.
She that with *Wealth*, and *Titles*, can be won,
Or woo'd with *Vanities*, will wav'ring be;
And when her Love, thou moſt dependeſt on,
A *Fiddle-ſtick* ſhall win her heart from thee.

To

To *Youth* and *Muſick*, *Venus* leaneth moſt;
And (though her hand ſhe on the *Scepter* lay)
Let *Greatneſs* of her Favours never boaſt:
For, *Heart* and *Eye* are bent another way.
And lo, no glorious Purchaſe that Man gets,
Who hath with ſuch poor *Trifles*, woo'd, & won:
Her footing, on a *Ball*, his *Miſtreſs* ſets,
Which in a moment ſlips, and ſhe is gone.
A *Woman*, meerly with an *Out-ſide* caught,
Or tempted with a *Galliard* or a *Song*,
Will him forſake (whom ſhe moſt lovely thought)
For *Players* and for *Tumblers*, ere't be long.
You, then that wiſh your *Love* ſhould ever laſt,
(And would enjoy *Affection* without changing)
Love where your *Loves* may worthily be plac't;
And keep your own *Affection*, ſtill from ranging.
Uſe noble means, your Longings to attain;
Seek equall *Minds*, and well beſeeming *Years*:
They are (at beſt) vain *Fools*, whom *Folly* gain;
But, there is *Bliſs*, where *Vertue* moſt endears:
And whereſoe'r, Affection *ſhe* procures,
In ſpight of all *Temptations*, it endures.

Lot 16.

IF ſome here preſent this had got,
They would have bluſhed at their Lot,
Since very fit the ſame doth prove,
For one unconſtant in his Love.

Or one that has a frickle Mate;
If you enjoy a better ſtate,
Yet hearken what your Lot doth ſay,
Leſt you hereafter want it may,

Emblem XVII.

Non abest Virtuti Sors.

THE Seventeenth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Though Fortune prove true Virtues Foe,
It cannot work her overthrow.

UNhappy men are they, whoſe Ignorance
So ſlaves them to the *Fortunes* of the Time,
That they (attending on the Lot of *Chance*)
Neglect by *Vertue*, and *Deſerts*, to clime.
Poor *Heights* they be which *Fortune* rears unto;
And fickle is the *Favour* ſhe beſtows:
To-day, ſhe makes; to-morrow doth undoe;
Builds up, and in an inſtant overthrows.
On eaſie *Wheels*, to Wealth and Honours high,
She winds men oft, before they be aware;

And

And when they dream of most *Prosperity*,
Down, headlong, throws them lower then they
(were.
You, then, that seek a more assur'd estate,
On good, and honest *Objects*, fix your *Mind*,
And follow *Vertue*, that you may a *Fate*
Exempt from fear of Change, or Dangers, find.
For, he that's *Vertuous*, whether high or low
His *Fortune* seeems (or whether foul or fair
His *Path* he finds) or whether friend or foe,
The *World* doth prove; regards it not a hair.
His *Loss* is *Gain*; his *Poverty* is *Wealth*;
The Worlds *Contempt*, he makes his *Diadem*;
In *Sickness*, he rejoyceth, as in *Health*;
Yea, *Death* it self becometh *Life*, to him.
He fears no disrespect, no bitter scorn,
Nor subtile plottings, nor Oppressions force;
Nay, though the World should topsie-turvie turn
It cannot fright him, nor divert his Course.
Above all Earthly powers his *Vertue* rears him,
And up with *Eglets* wings, to Heav'n it bears him.

Lot 17.

M.

THis Man whatever he may ſeem,
Is worthy of an high eſteem.
Though Fortune may his Perſon grind,
She cannot yet diſturb his mind.

Yea bleſt and happy ſhould we be,
Were all of us but ſuch as he.
Read but his Motto which you drew,
For that in part the ſame will ſhew.

Emblem XVIII.

Noli Atum Sapere.

THE Eighteenth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Above thy Knowledge do not riſe.
But with Sobriety be wiſe.

EXalt thou not thy ſelf, though plac'd thou be,
Upon the top of that old *Olive-tree*,
From whence the nat'rall branches prun'd have
That, thou, the better, mightſt be grafted in. (bin,
Be not ſo *over-wiſe*, as to preſume
The *Gara'ner*, for thy goodneſs, did aſſume
Thy ſmall *Crab Olive*, to inſert it there,
Where, once, the *ſweeteſt-berries* growing were.
Nor let thy Pride thoſe few *old-boughs* contemn
Which, yet, remain upon their ancient *Stem*;
Becauſe

Becauſe, thy new-incorporated *Sprayes,*
Do more enjoy the *Suns* refreſhing raies:
But humbled rather and more awful be;
Leſt *he* that cut off *them* do break down *thee.*
Be *wiſe,* in what may to thy good belong;
But, ſeek not *Knowledge,* to thy neighbours
(wrong:
Be thankful for the *Grace* thou haſt receiv'd,
But, judge not thoſe, who ſeem thereof bereav'd;
Nor into thoſe forbidden *ſecrets* peep.
Which *God-Almighty,* to himſelf doth keep.
Remember what our Father *Adam* found,
When he for *Knowledge,* ſought beyond his
(bound.
For doubtleſs, ever ſince, both *good* and *ill*
Are left with *Knowledge,* intermingled ſtill;
And (if we be not humble, meek, and wary)
We are in daily danger to miſcarry.
Large proves the fruit which on the *Earth*
(doth lie;
Winds break the twig, that's grafted *over-high;*
And he that will, beyond his bounds, be *wiſe,*
Becomes a very *Fool,* before he dies.

Lot 18.

THis Lot those Persons always finds,
That have high Thoughts, and lofty minds;
Or such as have an itch to learn,
That which doth nothing them concern.

Or love to peep with daring eyes,
nto forbidden Mysteries.
f any one of these thou be;
Thine Emblem better teacheth thee.

Emblem XIX.

Tractant Fabrilia Fabri.

The

THE Nineteenth Emblem Illuſtrated.

When each man keeps unto his Trade,
Then all things better will be made.

WE more ſhould thrive, and err the ſeldomer,
If we were like this honeſt *Carpenter*,
Whoſe *Emblem*, in reproof of thoſe, is made,
That love to meddle farther then their *Trade*.
But, moſt are now exceeding cunning grown
In ev'ry mans affairs, except their own:
Yea, *Coblers* think themſelves not only able,
To cenſure; but, to mend *Apelles* Table.
Great-men, ſometime, will gravely undertake
To teach, how *Brooms* & *Morter*, we ſhould make.

Their Indiſcretions, *Peaſants* imitate,
And boldly meddle with affairs of *State.*
Some *Houſwives* teach their *Teachers* how to pray,
Some *Clarks* have ſhew'd themſelves, as wiſe as they;
And in their Callings, as diſcreet have bin,
As if they taught their *Grandames* how to *ſpin*:
And if theſe *Cuſtoms* laſt a few more Ages,
All Countries will be nothing elſe, but *Stages*
Of evil-acted, and miſtaken parts;
Or, *Gallemaufries* of imperfect *Arts.*
But, I my ſelf (you'l ſay) have medlings made
In things, that are improper to my *Trade.*
No; for, the *MUSES* are in all things free;
Fit ſubject of their *Verſe*, all Creatures be;
And there is nothing nam'd ſo mean, or great,
Whereof they have not liberty to treat.
Both *Earth* and *Heav'n*, are open unto theſe;
And (when to take more liberty they pleaſe)
They *Worlds*, and *things*, create, which never were;
And when they liſt they *play*, and *meddle* there.

Lot 19.

IF all be true theſe Lots do tell us,
Thou ſhouldeſt be of thoſe prating Fellows,
Who better practiſed are grown,
In others matters then their own.

one that covets to be thought
man that is ignorant of nought.
it be ſo, thy Moral ſhews
y folly, and from whence it flows.

Emblem XX.

Constante Fiducia.

THE Twentieth Emblem Illuſtrated.

They after ſuffering ſhall be crown'd,
In whom a Conſtant Faith is found.

MArk well this *Emblem*; and obſerve you (thence
The nature of true *Chriſtian-confidence.*
Her *Foot* is fixed on a *ſquared-Stone*,
Which, whether ſide ſoe're you turn it on,
Stands faſt; and is that *Corner-ſtone*, which props,
And firmly knits the ſtructure of our *Hopes.*
She, always, bears a *Croſs*; to ſignifie,
That there was never any *Conſtancy*

Without her *Tryals*: and that, her perfection
Shall never be attain'd, without *Affliction.*
A *Cup* ſhe hath moreover in her hand;
And by that *Figure*, thou mayſt underſtand,
That ſhe hath draughts of *Comfort*, always near her,
(At ev'ry brunt) to ſtrengthen, and to cheer her.
And loe, *her* head is *crown'd*; that, we may ſee
How great, her *Glories*, and *Rewards*, will be.
Hereby, this *Vertue's* nature may be known:
Now, practiſe how to make the ſame thine own.
Diſcourag'd be not though thou art purſu'd
With many wrongs, which cannot be eſchew'd,
Nor yield thou to *Deſpairing*, though thou haſt
A *Croſs* (which threatens death) to be embrac't;
Or, though thou be compell'd to ſwallow up,
The very dregs, of *Sorrows* bitter *Cup*:
For, whenſoever griefs, or torments, pain thee,
Thou haſt the ſame *Foundation* to ſuſtain thee:
The ſelf ſame *Cup* of *Comfort*, is prepar'd,
To give thee ſtrength, when *fainting fits* are feard.
And when thy *time of trial*, is expired, (red.
Thou ſhalt obtain the *Crown*, thou haſt deſi-

Lot. 20.

THy Fortunes have been very bad,
For many Sufferings thou haſt had;
And Tryals too, which are unknown,
To any but thy ſelf alone.

Yet not loſs, nor harm nor ſmart,
From Conſtant hopes remove thy heart.
For ſee thine Emblem doth foreſhew;
A good Concluſion will enſue.

Emblem XXI.

Emb: 21.

Furor fit læsa sæpius Patientia.

THE

21ſt Emblem

Illuſtrated.

Who Patience tempt beyond its ſtrength,
Will turn't to Fury at the length.

ALthough we know not a more patient creature
Than is the *Lamb*, (or, of leſs harmfull nature)
Yet, as this *Emblem* ſhews, when childiſh wrong
Hath troubled, and provok'd him overlong,
He grows enrag'd; and makes the wanton *Boys*
Be glad to leave their ſports, and run their ways.
Thus have I ſeen it with ſome Children fare,
Who, when their *Parents* too indulgent were,
Have urg'd them, till their *Doting* grew to *Rage*,
And ſhut them wholly from their Heritage.

Thus

Thus, many times, a fooliſh man doth loſe
His faithfull Friends, and juſtly makes them foes,
Thus, froward *Husbands*, and thus, peeviſh *Wives*,
Do fool away the comfort of their lives;
And by abuſing of a *patient-mate*,
Turn deareſt *Love*, into the deadlieſt *Hate*:
For, any wrong may better be excuſed,
Than *Kindneſs*, long, and wilfully abuſed.
But, as an injur'd *Lamb*, provoked, thus,
Well typifies how much it moveth us,
To find our *Patience* wrong'd: So, let us make
An *Emblem* of our ſelves, thereby to take
More heed, how God is moved towards them,
That, his *long-ſuffering*, and his *Love* contemn.
For, as we ſomewhat have of every *creature*,
So, we in us, have ſomewhat of his *Nature*:
Or, if it be not ſaid *the ſame* to be,
His *Pictures*, and his *Images* are we.
Let, therefore, his *long-ſuffering* well be weigh'd,
And keep us, to *provoke him*, ſtill afraid.

Lot 21.

THou haſt provoked overlong;
Their *Patience* who neglect the wrong;
And thou doſt little ſeem to heed,
what hurt it threats if thou proceed.

To thee thy Emblem therefore ſhows,
To what abuſed Patience grows.
Obſerve it well, and make thy Peace,
Before to fury wrath increaſe.

Emblem XXII.

Emblem XXII.

In Spe & Labore transigo vitam.

The

THE 22d Emblem Illuſtrated.

Our days, until our Life hath end,
In Labour *and in* Hopes *we ſpend.*

AS ſoon as our *firſt Parents* diſobey'd,
Forthwith a *Curſe*, for their offence, was laid,
Inforcing them, and their ſucceeding race,
To get their Food, with ſweatings of the Face.
But afterward, this *Doom* to mitigate,
(And eaſe the miſeries of their eſtate) (bear
God gave them *Hope*, that ſhe might help them
The burthens of their Travail, and their care.
A *Woman* with an *Anchor*, and a *Spade*,
An *Emblem* of that *Myſtery* is made:

And

And this Estate, we all continue in,
By God's free *Mercy*, and our proper *Sin*:
By *Sin*, the *Labour* is on us intail'd;
By *Grace*, it is, that *Hoping* hath not fail'd;
And if in *Hope*, our Labours we attend,
That *Curse* will prove a *Blessing*, in the end.
My Lot is *Hope* and *Labour*; and between
These *Two*, my Life-time hath prolonged been:
Yet hitherto, the best of all my *Pain*
With most of all my *Hopes* have been in vain;
And to the World-ward, I am like to wast
My time in fruitless *labours*, till the last.
However, I have still my *Hopes* as fair
As he that hath no temptings to *Despair*;
And change I will not, my *last houers* for theirs,
Whose *Fortune*, more desirable appears;
Nor cease to *Hope* and *Labour*, though of most,
My *Hope* and *Labour* be adjudged lost:
For, though I lose the *shadow* of my *Pains*,
The *substance* of it, still in *God* remains.

Lot 22.

IN ſecret thou doſt oft complain,
That thou haſt hop'd and wrought in vain.
And think'ſt thy Lot, is far more hard,
Than what for others is prepar'd.

An Emblem therefore thou haſt got,
Which ſhews, it is our Common Lot,
To Work and hope, and that thou haſt
A Bleſſing by it at the laſt.

Emblem XXIII.

Emb. 23.

Tamen discam.

The

THE 23d Emblem Illuſtrated.

To Learning In love ſhould have,
Although one Foot were in the Grave.

HEre, we an *Aged man* deſcribed have,
That hath *one foot*, already, in the *Grave*:
And if you mark it (though the *Sun* decline,
And horned *Cynthia* doth begin to ſhine)
With *open book*, and with attentive eyes,
Himſelf, to compaſs *Knowledge*, he applies:
And though that *Evening* end his laſt of days,
Yet, I will ſtudy, more to learn, he ſays.
From this, we gather, that, while time doth laſt,
The time of *learning*, never will be paſt;

And

And that, each hour till we our *life* lay down,
Still ſomething, touching *life* is to be known,
When he was old, wiſe *Cato* learned Greek:
But, we have *aged-folks*, that are to ſeek (learn;
Of that, which they have much more cauſe to
Yet, no ſuch mind in them we ſhall diſcern.
For that, which they ſhould ſtudy in their *prime*,
Is, oft, deferred till their *latter-time*:
And then, *old-age*, unfit for *learning*, makes them,
Or, elſe, that common *dulneſs* overtakes them,
Which makes aſhamed, that it ſhould be thought,
They need, like *little-children*, to be taught.
And ſo, out of this world, they do return
As wiſe, as in that week, when they were born.
God, grant me grace, to ſpend my life time ſo,
That I my duty ſtill may ſeek to know;
And that, I never, may ſo far proceed,
To think, that I more Knowledge *do not need:*
But, in Experience, *may continue growing,*
Till I am fill'd with fruits of pious-knowing.

Lot 23.

BY this your Emblem we discern,
That you are yet of Age to learn.
And that when elder you shall grow,
There will be more for you to know.

Presume not therefore of your wit;
But strive that you may better it,
For of your Age we many view,
That far more wisdom have then you.

Emblem XXIV.

Emb: 24.

Transitus Celer est, & a Volamus.

The

THE 24th Emblem Illustrated.

Where e're we are the Heavens are near,
Let us but fly and we are there.

WHy, with a trembling faintness, should we fear
The face of *Death*? and fondly linger here,
As if we thought the *Voyage* to be gone
Lay through the shades of *Styx* or *Acheron*?
Or, that we either were to travel down
To uncouth *Depths*, or up some *heights* unknown?
Or, to some place remote, whose neareſt end
Is farther then Earths limits do extend?

It

It is not by one half that diſtance, thither
Where *Death* left in, as it is any whither.
No not by half ſo far, as to your bed;
Or, to that place, where you ſhould reſt your head,
If on the ground you laid your ſelf (ev'n there)
Where at this moment you abiding are.
This *Emblem* ſhews (if well you look thereon)
That, from your *Glaſs of life*, which is to run,
There's but one ſtep to *Death*; and that you tread
At once, among the *Living*, and the *Dead*.
In whatſoever *Land*, we *live* or *die*,
God is the ſame; And *Heav'n* is there as nigh
As in that *place*, wherein we moſt deſire
Our *Souls*, with our laſt breathing, to expire.
Which things, well heeding; let us not delay
Our *Journey*, when we ſummon'd are away,
(As thoſe inforced *Pilgrims* uſe to do,
That know not whither, nor, how far they go)
Nor let us dream that we in *Time* or *Place*,
Are far from ending our uncertain *Race*.
But, let us fix on *Heav'n*, a faithful eye,
And ſtill, be *flying thither*, till we die.

Lot 24.

TO your Long-Home you nearer are,
Than you it may be are aware.
Yea and more eaſy is the way,
Then you perhaps conceive it may.

Leſt therefore death ſhould grim appear,
And put you in a cauſeleſs fear.
Or out of minding wholly paſs,
This *Chance* to you allotted was.

Emblem XXV.

Transeat.

The

THE
Twenty fifth Emblem Illuſtrated.

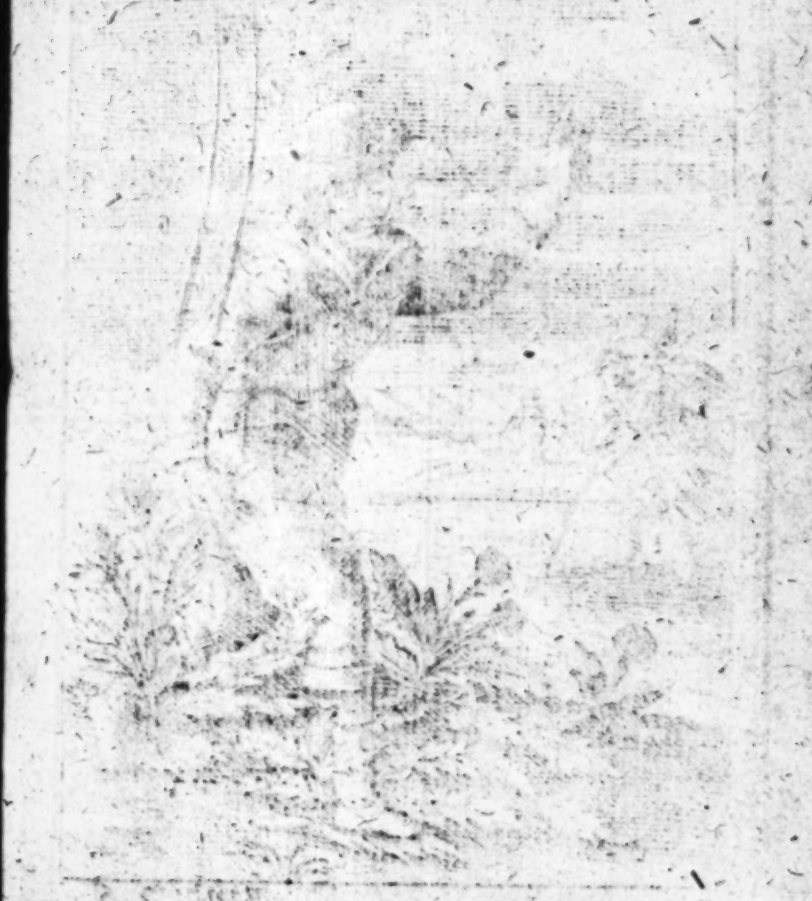
A Sieve of Shelter maketh ſhow,
But every Storm will through it go.

SOme Men, when for their Actions they procure
A likely colour, (be it ne're ſo vain)
Proceed as if their *Projects* were as ſure,
As when *Sound Reaſon* did their Courſe maintain:
And theſe not much unlike thoſe *Children* are,
Who through a *Storm* advent'ring deſp'rately,
Had rather on their Heads a *Sive* to bear,
Then *Cov'rings*, that may ſerve to keep them dry.
For, at a diſtance that perchance is thought
A helpfull *Shelter*; and yet, proves to thoſ-

Who need the ſame a *Toy*, which profits nought;
Becauſe, each drop of Rain quite through it goes.
So they, whoſe fooliſh *Projects*, for a while,
Do promiſe their *Projectors* hopefull ends,
Shall find them, in the *Tryal*, to beguile;
And that both *Shame* and *Want* on them attends.
Such like is their eſtate who, (to appear
Rich men to others) do, with inward-pain,
A gladſome out-ward *Port* deſire to bear;
Though they at laſt nor *Wealth* nor *Credit* gain.
And ſuch are all thoſe *Hypocrites*, who ſtrive
Falſe *Hearts* beneath *Fair ſpoken Words* to hide:
For, they o'revail themſelves but with a *Sive*,
Through which, their purpoſes at length are
(ſpied.
And then, they either wofully lament
Their *Brutiſh-folly*, or ſo hardened grow
In Sinning, that they never can repent,
Nay, jeſt and ſcoff at their own Overthrow.
But no falſe *Vail* can ſerve (when *God* will
(ſmite)
To ſave a *Scorner*, or an *Hypocrite*.

Lot 25.

TAke heed you do not quite forget,
That you are dancing in a Net.
Many there are your *Ways* do see,
Although you think unseen you be.



Your Faults we will no nearer touch,
Methinks your Emblem blabs too much.
But if you mend what is amiss,
You shall be ne're the worse for this.

Emblem XXVI.

Emb: 26.

Gaudet Patientia duris.

The

THE
Twenty ſixth Emblem Illuſtrated.

He that enjoys a quiet mind,
Can pleaſure in Affliction find.

WHat means this *Country peaſant*, skipping here
Through prickling *Thiſtles* with ſuch joy-
ful cheer?
And plucking off their tops, as though for *Poſies*
He gather'd Violets, or toothleſs Roſes?
What meaneth it, but only to expreſs
How great a joy, well grounded *Patientneſs*
Retains in Suff'rings? and what ſport ſhe makes,
When ſhe her Journey through *Affliction* takes?

I oft have ſaid (and have as oft been thought
To ſpeak a *Paradox*, that ſavours nought
Of likely truth) that ſome *Afflictions* bring
A *Honey bag*, which cureth ev'ry Sting,
(That wounds the *Fleſh*) by giving to the *Mind*,
A pleaſing taſte of *Sweetneſſes* refin'd.
Nor can it other be, except in thoſe,
Whoſe Better part, quiet ſtupifyed grows,
By being cauterized in the Fires
Of childiſh *Fears*, or temporal *Deſires*.
For, as the *Valiant* (when the *Coward* ſwounds)
With gladneſs lets the *Surgeon* ſearch his Wounds;
And though they ſmart, yet cheerfully indures
The Plaiſters, and the Probe, in hope of Cures:
So, Men, aſſured that *Afflictions* pain
Comes not for vengeance to them, nor in vain;
But, to prepare, and fit them for the place,
To which, they willingly direct their pace;
In troubles, are ſo far from being ſad,
That, of their *Suffering*, they are truly glad.
What ever others think, I thus believe;
And therefore, *joy*, when they ſuppoſe I *grieve*.

Lot 26.

AT your Afflictions you repine,
And in all troubles cry and whine.
As if to ſuffer, brought no Joy,
But quite did all content deſtroy.

That you may therefore Patient grow,
And learn this Virtues power to know
This Lot unto your view is brought,
Peruſe and Practiſe what is taught.

Emblem XXVII.

Bella in Vista, Dentro Trista.

The

THE Twenty-seventh Emblem Illustrated.

Deformity within *may be,*
where outward *Beauty we do see.*

LOok well, I pray, upon this *Beldam*, here,
For, in her *habit*, though she gay appear,
You, through her youthful *vizard*, may espy
She's of an old *Edition*, by her *Eye*:
And by her wainscot face, it may be seen,
She might your *Grandams* first *dry nurse* have (been.
This is an *Emblem*, fitly shaddowing those,
Who making fair, and honest outward shows,
Are

Are inwardly deform'd; and nothing ſuch,
As they to be ſuppos'd, have ſtrived much.
They chuſe their *words*, and play well-acted *parts*,
But hide moſt loathſome projects in their hearts;
And when you think ſweet *Friendſhip* to embrace,
Some ugly *Treaſon* meets you in the face.
I hate a bainted *Brow*; I much diſlike
A maiden-bluſh, dawb'd on a furrowed *Cheek*:
And I abhor to ſee old *Wantons* play,
And ſuit themſelves, like *Ladies of the May*.
But more (yea, moſt of all) my ſoul deſpiſeth
A *Heart*, that in *Religious forms* diſguiſeth
Prophane intentions; and arays in white
The coal-black conſcience of an *Hypocrite*.
Take heed of ſuch as theſe; and (if you may)
Before you truſt them, tract them in their way.
Obſerve their footſteps, in their private *path*:
For theſe (as 'tis believ'd, the *Devil* hath)
Have *cloven feet*; that is, *two ways* they go;
One for their *ends*, and tother for a *ſhow*.
Now, you thus warned are, advice embrace;
And truſt nor gawdy *Clothes*, nor painted *Face*.

Lot 27.

FIne Clothes, fair words, inticing Face,
With Masks of Piety and Grace,
Oft cheat you with an outward ſhow,
Of that which proveth nothing ſo.

Therefore your Emblems Moral read,
And ere too far you do proceed.
Think whom you deal withal to day,
Who by fair Shews deceive you may.

Emblem XXVIII.

Emblem XXVIII.

Captivum impune Lacessunt.

The

THE Twenty eighth Emblem Illuſtrated.

When wicked Men confined are,
They revel who were kept in fear.

A Tyrannous, or wicked *Magiſtrat,*
Is fitly repreſented by a *Cat*:
For, though the *Mice*, a harmfull vermine be,
And *Cats* the remedy; yet, oft we ſee,
That, by the *Mice*, far leſs, ſome houſe-wives (leeſe,
Then when they ſet the *Cat* to keep the *Cheeſe*.
A ravenous *Cat*, will puniſh in the *Mouſe*,
The very ſame Offences, in the houſe,

Which

Which he himself commits; yea, for that *Vice*,
Which was his own (with praise) he kills the *Mice*,
And spoileth not anothers life alone,
Ev'n for that very *fault* which was his *own*,
But *feeds*, and *fattens*, in the spoil of them,
Whom he, without compassion, did condemn.
Nay worse than so; he cannot be content,
To slaughter them, who are as innocent,
As he *himself*; but, he must also play,
And sport his woful *Prisoners* lives away;
More torturing them, 'twixt fruitless *hopes* and *fears*,
Than when their bowels, with his teeth he tears:
For, by much terrour, and much cruelty,
He kills them, ten times over, e're they die.
When, such like *Magistrates* have rule obtain'd
The best men with their power might be restrain'd:
But, they who shun enormities, through *Fear*,
Are glad when *good-men* out of Office are.
Yea whether *Governours* be good or bad,
Of their displacings *wicked-men* are glad;
And when they see them brought into disgrace,
They boldly play the *Knaves* before their face.

Lot 28.

M.

THou art, or elſe thou wert of late,
Some Great or Petty Magiſtrate,
Or Fortune thereunto may chance,
In time to come thee to advance.

But by thine Emblem thou maiſt ſee,
That when reſtrain'd thy Power ſhall be,
Offenders will thereof be glad,
And Scoff the Power which thou haſt had;
Obſerve it, & be ſo upright,
That thou maiſt laugh at their deſpight.

Emblem XXIX.

Emblem XXIX.

Perſequar Extinctu.

The

THE Twenty ninth Emblem Illustrated.

True Lovers Lives in one heart lye,
Both Live, or both together Dye.

HE that shall say he *Loves*, and was again
So well-belov'd, that neither *He* not *She*
Suspects each other, neither needs to gain
New proofs, that they in all Desires agree;
And yet, shall cool again in their *Affection*,
(And leave to Love) or live till they are *Lovers*
The second-time; If some gross Imperfection
In *One* (if not in *Both*) of them discovers.
It was not *Love* which did between them grow;
But, rather somewhat like unto the same;

Which

Which (having made a fair deceiving *Show*)
Obtain'd, a while, that honourable Name.
For, *False Affections* will together play
So lovingly; and oft, so act those Parts
Which real seem; that, for a time, they may
Appear the *Children* of *Unfeigned-Hearts*:
Yea, many-times, true *Turtles* are deceiv'd
By counterfeited *Passions*, till their *Love*
Of her true *Object* finds her self bereav'd;
And after it, is forced to remove:
But where *True-Love* begetteth, and enjoys
The proper *Object*, which she doth desire,
Nor *Time*, nor *Injury* the same destroys;
But it continues a *Perpetual Fire*.
Like am'rous *Thisbe* to her *Pyramus*,
On all occasions, it continues true:
Nor *Night*, nor *Danger*, makes it timorous;
But, through all Perils, it will him pursue.
Thus, both in *Life*, in *Death*, in all estates,
True *Lovers* will be true *Associates*.

Lot 29.

SOme think you Love; 'tis true you do,
And are as well beloved too.
But you (if we the truth may ſay)
Love not ſo truly as you may.

To make a perfect Love there goes,
Much more than every Lover knows,
Your Emblem therefore mind, and then,
Begin anew to love agen.

Emblem XXX.

Emblem XXX.

Emb: 30.

Nequid Nimis.

THE Thirtieth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Since overmuch will overfill,
Pour out enough; but do not ſpill.

IT is this *Emblems* meaning, to advance
The love and practice, of true *Temperance.*
For, by this *Figure* (which doth ſeem to fill,
Until the liquor overflow, and ſpill)
We are, as by example, taught to ſee
How fruitleſs our *Intemperancies* be:
Thus by the *Rule of Contrarieties,*
Some *Vertues,* beſt are ſhown to vulgar eyes.
To ſee a naſtie *Drunkard,* reel and ſpew,
More moves to *Soberneſs,* than can the view

Of

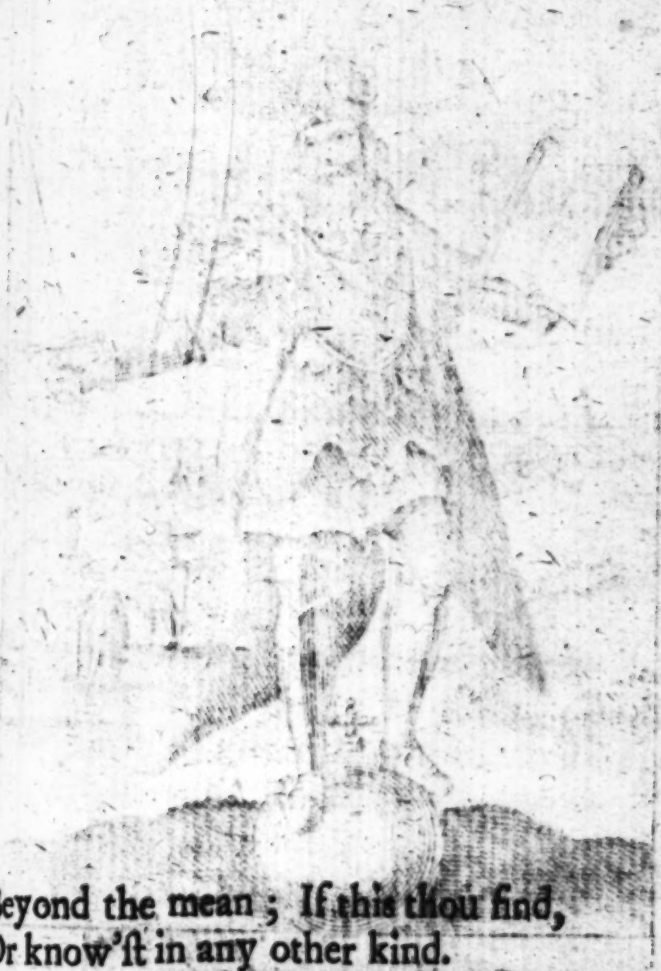
Of twenty civil men; and to behold
One *Prodigal*, (that goodly lands hath sold)
Stand torn and louzie, begging at the door,
Would make *Intemperance* abhorred more,
(And manly *Soberneſs*, much better, each)
Than all that ſix *Philoſophers* can preach:
So, by the *Veſſels* overflowing, here,
True *Moderation* doth more prais'd appear,
Than by the *mean* it ſelf: And without ſin,
That's *pictur'd*, which to *do*, had wicked bin.
For, though to vertuous ends; we do deny
The *Doing-ill*, that *Good* may come thereby.
From hence, let us be taught, that carefull heed
Whereby we ſhould both *Mind* and *Body* feed
Let us, of our own ſelves, obſerve the ſize;
How much we want, how little will ſuffize;
And our own *longings*, rather leave unfill'd,
Than ſuffer any portion to be ſpill'd:
For, what we *marr*, ſhall to account be laid
And, what we wiſely *ſpend*, ſhall be repaid

Bey
Or
Ho
No

Lot. 30

Lot 30.

IF truly temperate thou be,
Why ſhould this Lot be drawn by thee?
Perhaps thou either doſt exceed,
In clothes Or high doſt drink or feed.



Beyond the mean; If this thou find,
Or know'ſt in any other kind.
How thou offendeſt by exceſs,
Now leave off thy Intemperatneſs.

Emblem XXXI.

Legibus & Armis.

The

THE
Thirtieth First Emblem
Illustrated.

When Law and Arms together meet,
The world descends to kiss their feet.

THe Picture of a *Crowned-king*, here, stands
Upon a *Globe*; and with outstretched hands,
Holds forth, in view, a *Law-book*, and a *Sword*:
Which plain and modern *Figures* may afford
This meaning; that a *King*, who hath regard
To *Courts for pleading*, and *a Court of Guard*,
And at all times, a due respect will carry,
To pious *Laws*, and *Actions military*;
Shall not be *Monarch*, onely in those Lands,
That *are* by *Birth right* under his commands

But, alſo might (if juſt occaſion were)
Make this whole *Globe* of earth, his power to fear;
Advance his *Favorites*; and bring down all
His *Oppoſites*, below his pedeſtal.
His conquering *Sword*, in forraign Realms, he draws,
As oft, as there is juſt, or needful cauſe:
At home, in ev'ry *Province* of his Lands,
At all times, armed are his *Trained Bands.*
His *Royal Fleets*, are terrours to the Seas;
At all hours, rigg'd, for uſeful Voyages:
And often he his *Navy* doth increaſe,
That *Wars* Proviſions may prolong his *Peace.*
Nor, by the tenure of the *Sword*, alone,
Delighteth he to hold his awful *Throne*,
But, likewiſe, labours Miſchiefs to prevent,
By wholſome *Laws*, and rightful *Government.*
For, where the *Sword* commands, without the *Law*,
A *Tyrant* keeps the Land in ſlaviſh awe:
And where good *Laws* do want an *Armed* pow'r,
Rebellious *Knaves* their *Princes*, will devour.

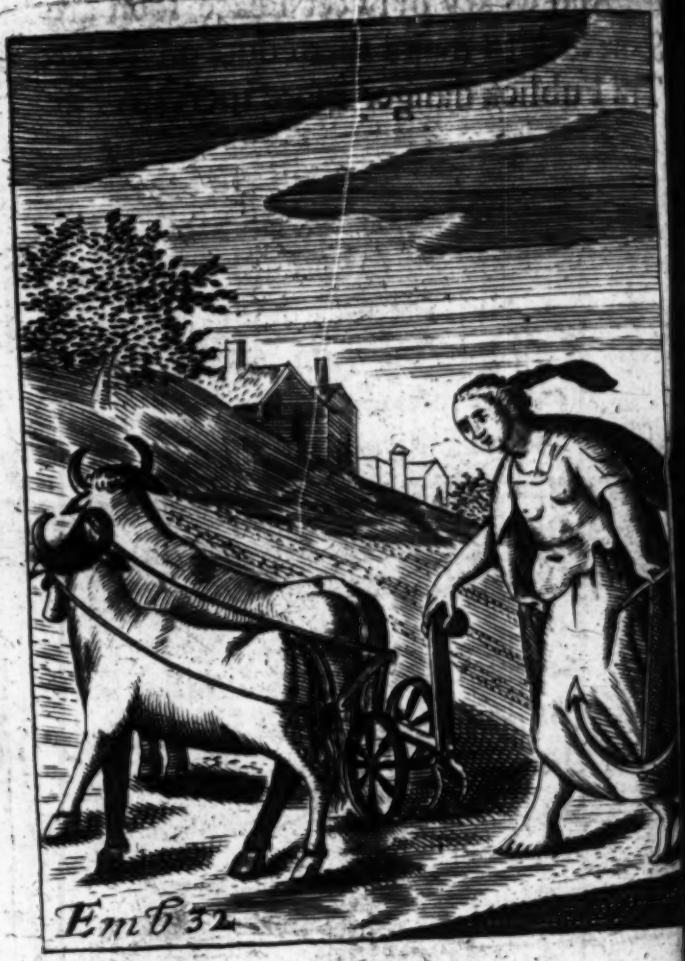
Lot 31.

M.

SOme urgē their Princes on to War,
And weary of ſweet Peace ſoon are
Some ſeek to make them dote on Peace,
Till Publick danger more increaſe.

As if the world were kept in awe,
By nothing elſe, but preaching Law.
The Moral is; If ſuch thou art,
Then Act a Moderators part.

Emblem XXXII.



Spes alit Agricolas.

The

THE Thirty second Emblem Illustrated.

The Husbandman doth sow his seeds,
And then on Hope till Harvest feeds.

THE painful *Husbandman*, with sweaty brows,
Consumes in labour many a weary day:
To break the stubborn earth, he *digs* and *ploughs*,
And then, the Corn, he scatters on the clay:
When that is done, he *harrows* in the Seeds,
And by a well-cleans'd Furrow, lays it dry:
He frees it from the *Worms*, the *Moles*, the *Weeds*;
He, on the *Fences*, also hath an eye.
And though he see the chilling Winter bring
Snows, *Flouds*, and *Frosts*, his Labours to annoy;

Though *blasting-winds* do nip them in the *Spring*,
And *Summers Mildews* threaten to destroy;
Yea, though not only *Days*, but *Weeks*, they are
(Nay, many *Weeks*, and many *Months* beside)
In which he must with pain, prolong his care,
Yet, constant in his hopes he doth abide.
For this respect, HOPE'S *Emblem*, here you, (see
Attends the *Plough*, that men beholding it,
May be instructed, or else minded be,
What Hopes, continuing *Labours*, will befit.
Though, long thou toyled hast, and long attended
About such workings as are necessary;
And oftentimes, ere fully they are ended,
Shalt find thy pains in danger to miscarry:
Yet, be not out of *hope*, nor quite dejected;
For, buried Seeds will sprout when *Winter's* gone;
Unlikelier things are many times effected;
And *God* brings help, when men their best have done.
Yea, they that in *Good-works* their life imploy;
Although *they sow in tears, shall reap in joy.*

Lot 32.

IN many things, the worſe thou art,
By the deſpairing, fainting heart.
And oft thy labour, and thy coſt,
For want of *Hopefulneſs* is loſt.

Thou therefore by thy Lot art ſent,
This Indiſcretion to prevent;
And by the Plow-mans hope to ſee
Thy fault, and now reform'd to be.

Emblem XXXIII.

Emb: 33.

Puris Manibus.

The

THE Thirty third Emblem Illustrated.

Let him that at Gods Altar stands,
In Innocency wash his hands.

WHen (*Reader*) thou hast first of all survaid
That Reverend *Priest* which here ingraven stands,
In all his Holy *Vestiments* array'd,
Endeavouring for *Purified-Hands*;
Collect from hence, that, when thou dost appear
To offer Sacrifice of *Praise* or *Prayer*,
Thou oughtst the *Robes* of *Righteousness*, to wear,
And by *Repentance*, thy defects repair.

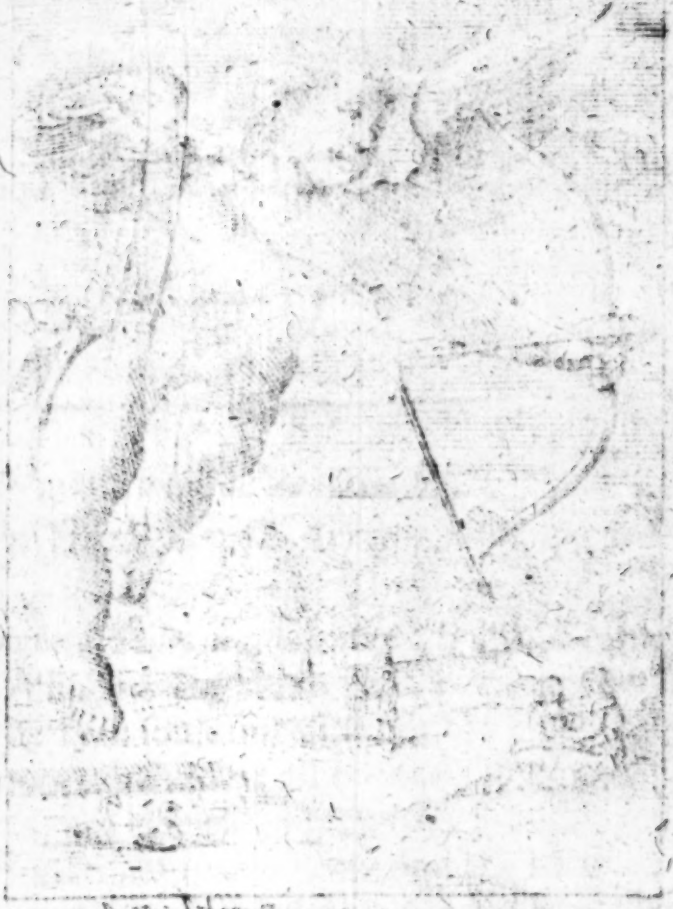
For

For, thou, that with polluted *Hands* preſum'ſt
Before *Gods* Altar to preſent thy Face;
Or, in the *Rags* of thine own *Merits* com'ſt,
Shalt reap *Diſpleaſure*, where thou look'ſt for *Grace.*

Then, if thou be of thoſe that would aſpire
A *Prieſt*, or *Prelate*, in *Gods* Church to be;
Be ſure, thou firſt thoſe *Ornaments* acquire,
Which may be ſuting to that *High Degree.*
Intrude not, as perhaps too many do,
With *Gifts* unfit, or by an *Evil mean*:
Deſire it with a right *Intention* too;
And ſeek to keep thy *Converſation* clean.
For, they that have aſſum'd this *Holy-Calling*,
With *Hands* impure, and *Hearts* unſanctify'd,
Defame the *Truth*; give others cauſe of Falling,
And ſcandalize their *Brethren*, too beſide:
Yea, to themſelves, their very *Sacrifice*
Becomes unhallowed; and their *Thanks* and *Prayers*,
The *God of Purity*, doth ſo deſpiſe,
That all their *Hopes*, he turneth to *Deſpairs*:
And all their beſt Endeavours, countermands,
Till they appear with unpolluted *Hands.*

Lot 33.

WHether meerly Chance or no,
Brought this Lot, we do not know.
But received let it be,
As Divinely sent to thee.



For that merits thy regard,
Which thine Emblem hath declar'd.
And the best that are have need
Such *Advisements* well to heed.

Emblem XXXIV.

Emblem XXXIV.

Embl: 34.

Fero.

The

THE
Thirty fourth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Be wary whoſoe're thou be,
For from Loves Arrows none are free.

GAllants, beware; for here's a wanton *Wagg*,
Who, having *Bows* and *Arrows*, makes his
That he hath ſome unhappy trick to play; (brag
And vows to ſhoot at all he meets to day.
Pray be not careleſs; for the *Boy* is blind, (kind.
And ſometimes ſtrikes, where moſt he ſeemeth
This rambling *Archer* ſpares nor one, nor other:
Yea, otherwhile, the *Monkey* ſhoots his Mother.
Though you be little *Children*, come not near;
For, I remember (though't be many a year

Now

Now gone and paſt,) that, when I was a *Lad*,
My Heart, a prick, by this young wanton had,
That pain'd me ſeven years after: nor had I
The grace (thus warn'd) to eſcape his waggery;
But many times, ev'n ſince I was a man,
He ſhot me, oftner then I tell you can:
And if I had not been the ſtronger-hearted,
I for my over-daring, might have ſmarted.
You laugh now, as if this were nothing ſo;
But, if you meet this *Blinkard* with his Bow,
You may unleſs you take the better care,
Receive a *wound*, before you be aware.
I fear him not; for I have learned how
To keep my heart-ſtrings from his Arrows now:
And ſo might you, and ſo might ev'ry one
That vain *Occaſions* truely ſeeks to ſhun.
But if you ſlight my Counſels, you may chance
To blame at laſt, your wilful ignorance:
For, ſome, who thought, at firſt, his wounds (but ſmall,
Have dyed by them, in an *Hoſpital*.

Lot 34.

THis Lot of yours, doth plainly ſhew
That in ſome danger now you go,
But wounds by ſteel, yet fear you not,
No Piſtolling nor Canon Shot.

But rather dread the *Shafts* that fly
From ſome deep wounding Wantons eye,
Your greateſt perils are from thence,
Get therefore Armor of Defence.

Emblem XXXV.

Emblem XXXV.

Emblem 35.

Sapiens dominabitur Astris.

THE Thirty fifth Emblem Illuſtrated.

He over all the Stars doth reign,
That unto wiſdom can attain.

I Am not of their Mind, who think the *Sun*,
The *Moon*, the *Planets*, and thoſe glorious *Lights*,
Which trim the *Spheres*, do in their *Motions* run
To no more purpoſe, then to pleaſe our *Sights*.
Nor for diſtinguiſhment of *Nights* and *Days*,
Or of the *Seaſons*, and the *Times*, alone,
Can I ſuppoſe the Hand of *God* diſplays
Thoſe many *Stars* we nightly gaze upon:

For,

For, both by *Reason*, and by *Common-sense*
We know (and often feel) that from above
The *Planets* have, on us, an *Influence*;
And that our *Bodies* vary, as they move.
Moreover, *Holy Writ* infers, that these
Have some such pow'r; ev'n in those Places,
It names *Orion*, and the *Pleiades*; (where
Which *Stars* of much inferiour Nature are.
Yet, hence conclude not, therefore, that the *Mind*
Is by the *Stars* constrained to obey
Their *Influence*; or, so by them inclin'd,
That, by no means resist the same we may.
For, though they form the *Bodies* temp'rature,
(And though the *Mind* inclineth after that)
By *Grace*, another temper we procure,
Which guides the *Motions* of *Supposed Fate*.
The *Soul* of *Man* is nobler then the *Spheres*;
And if it gain the Place which may be had,
Not here alone on Earth, the Rule it bears,
But, is the *Lord* of all that *God* hath made.
Be *wise in him*; and if just cause there be,
The *Sun* and *Moon*, shall stand and wait on
(the

Lot. 35.

YOu ſeek a Lot which proving bad,
Would peradventure make you ſad;
But this may pleaſe; for you are taught,
To mend your Fortune, when 'tis naught.

Being armed with ſuch Counſel here,
That you no Deſtiny need fear;
Now if you come to hurt or ſhame,
Upon the Stars lay not the blame.

Emblem XXXVI.

Emblem XXXVI.

The

THE

Thirty ſixth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Thy ſeeming Lovers falſe will be,
And love thy Money more than thee.

What may the reaſon be, ſo many wed,
And miſs the bleſſings of a *joyful-Bed*,
But thoſe ungodly, and improper ends,
For which, this Age moſt *Marriages* intends?
Some love *plump-fleſh*; and thoſe as kind will be
To any gameſome *Wanton*, as to thee.
Some, dote on *Honours*; and all ſuch will prize
Thy Perſon meerly, for thy *Dignities*.
Some fancy *Pleaſures*; and ſuch *Flirts* as they,
With ev'ry *Hobby-horſe*, will run away.

So

Some (like this *Couple* in our *Emblem*, here)
Woe hard for *Wealth*; and very kind appear,
Till they have won their prize: but then they
On what their best *Affections* they bestow. (show
This *Wealth*, is that sweet *Beauty*, which
So many to their *Executioners*. (prefer
This is that rare *Perfection*, for whose sake,
The *Politician* doth his *Marriage* make.
Yea, most of those whom you shall married find
Were cous'ned, (or did cousen) in this kind;
And for some *by-respects*, they came together,
Much more, than for the sakes of one another.
If this concerns thee, now, in any sense;
For thy instruction, take this warning hence:
If thou hast err'd already, then lament
Thy passed crime, and bear thy punishment.
If thou, as yet, but tempted art to err;
Then, let this *Emblem* be thy *Counseller*:
For, I have said my mind; which if thou slight
Go, and repent it, on thy *wedding night*.

Lot 36.

THis Lot may make us all ſuſpect,
That ſome wrong Object you affect.
And that where *Dearneſs* you pretend;
It is not for the nobleſt end.

What miſchief from ſuch falſhood flows,
Your Emblem very truly ſhows.
And may more happy make your Fate;
If this advice come not too late.

Emblem XXXVII.

Emb. 37.

Virtute ac Studio per Orbem Fama perpetua comparatur.

The

THE
Thirty ſeventh Emblem
Illuſtrated.

By Studiouſneſs in Virtues ways,
Men gain an univerſal Praiſe.

WHen *Emblems* of too many parts conſiſt,
Their Author was no choice *Emblematiſt*,
But is like thoſe that waſte whole *hours*, to tell
What, in three *minutes*, might be ſaid as well.
Yet, when each member is interpreted,
Out of theſe vulgar *Figures*, you may read
A *Moral*, (altogether) not unfit
To be remembred, ev'n by *men of wit*.
And if the *Kernell* prove to be of worth,
No matter from what ſhell we drew it forth.

The *Square* whereon the *Globe* is placed, here
Muſt *Vertue* be; That *Globe* upon the *Square*,
Muſt mean the *World*; The *Figure*, in the *Round*,
(Which in appearance doth her *Trumpet* ſound)
Was made for *Fame*; The *Book* ſhe bears, may ſhow,
What *Breath* it is, which makes her *Trumpet* blow:
The *Wreath*, incloſing all, was to intend
A glorious *Praiſe*, that never ſhall have end:
And theſe, in one ſumm'd up, do ſeem to ſay;
That, (if men *ſtudy* in a *vertuous-way*)
The *Trumpet* of a never-ceaſing *Fame*,
Shall through the *world* proclaim their praiſe-full *Name*.

Now *Reader*, if large *Fame*, be thy ambition,
This *Emblem* doth inform, on what condition
She may be gain'd. But, (herein, me believe)
Thy *ſtudy* for meer-praiſe, will thee deceive:
And if thy *Vertues*, be but onely, thoſe
For which the vulgar *Fame*, her *Trumpet* blows,
Thy *Fame's* a blaſt; Thy *Vertues* Vices be;
Thy *Study's* vain, and *ſhame* will follow thee.

Lot 37.

THou ſeek'ſt for fame and now art ſhown,
For what her Trumpet ſhall be blown.
Thine Emblem alſo doth declare,
What Fame they get who Virtuous are,

For Praiſe alone; And what reward,
For ſuch like Studies is prepar'd.
Peruſe it; And this Counſel take,
Be Virtuous for meer Virtues ſake.

Emblem XXXVIII.

Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit.

The

THE
Thirty eighth Emblem Illuſtrated.

The Goſpel thankfully imbrace,
For God vouchſafed us this Grace.

THis modern *Emblem*, is a mute expreſſing
Of *Gods* great Mercies, in a *Modern-bleſſing*;
And gives me, now, juſt cauſe to ſing his praiſe,
For granting me, my being, in theſe days.
The much-deſired *Meſſages* of Heav'n, (given,
For which, our *Fathers* would their lives have
And (in *Groves*, *Caves*, and *Mountains*, once a year)
Were glad, with hazard of their goods to hear;
Or, in leſs bloody times, at their own homes;
To hear, in private, and obſcured rooms.

Lo; thoſe, thoſe *Joyful-tydings*, we do live,
Divulg'd, in every *Village*, to perceive;
And that the ſounds of *Gladneſs* eccho may,
Through all our goodly *Temples*, ev'ry day.
This was (Oh God) *thy doing*; *unto thee*,
Aſcrib'd, *for ever*, *let all Praiſes be.*
Prolong this Mercy *and vouchſafe the* fruit,
May to thy Labour, *on this* Vine-yard, *ſuit*:
Leſt, *for our fruitleſneſs*, *thy* Light of grace,
Thou from our Golden candleſtick, *diſplace.*
We do, *me thinks*, *already*, Lord, *begin*
To Wantonize, *and let that* loathing *in*,
Which makes thy Manna *taſteleſs*; *And I fear*,
That, *of thoſe* Chriſtians, *who*, *more often* hear,
Then practice, *what* they know, *we have too many*
And, *I ſuſpect my* ſelf, *as much as any.*
Oh! mend me *ſo*, *that*, *by amending* me,
Amends in others, *may increaſed be*:
And, *let all* Graces, *which thou haſt beſtow'd*,
Return thee honour, *from whom firſt they flow'd*

Lot 38.

BY this thy Lot thou doſt appear,
To be of thoſe who love to hear
The Preachers voice ; Or elſe of them,
That undervalue or Contemn

Thoſe daily ſhowers of wholeſome words,
Which Heaven in theſe our times affords.
Now which ſoe're of theſe thou be,
Thine Emblem ſomething teacheth thee.

Emblem XXXIX.

Spernit Pericula Virtus.

The

THE
Thirty ninth Emblem Illuſtrated.

An Innocent no danger fears,
How Great ſoever it appears.

WHen ſome did ſeek *Arion* to have drown'd;
He, with a valiant heart, his Temples crown'd;
And when to drench him in the Seas they meant,
He plaid on his molodious *Inſtrument*;
To ſhew, that *Innocence* diſdained Fear,
Though to be ſwallow'd in the *Deeps* it were.
Nor did it periſh: For, upon her Back
A *Dolphin* took him, for his *Muſick's* ſake:
To intimate that *Vertue* ſhall prevail
With *Bruitiſh* Creatures, if with *Men* it fail.

Moſt

Moſt vain is then their Hope, who dream they
Make wretched, or undo, an *Honeſt-Man*: (can
For, he whom Vertuous *Innocence* adorns,
Inſults o're *Cruelties*; and *Peril* ſcorns.
Yea, that, by which Men purpoſe to *undo* him,
(In their deſpight) ſhall bring great *Honours* to
Arion-like, the Malice of the *World*, (him.
Hath into *Seas* of *Troubles* often hurl'd
Deſerving Men, although no Cauſe they had,
But that their *Words* & *Works* ſweet *Muſick* made.
Of all their outward Helps it hath bereft them,
Nor means, nor hopes of Comfort have been left
(them,
But ſuch, as in the Houſe of *Mourning* are,
And what *Good-Conſcience* can afford them there.
Yet, *Dolphin-like*, their *Innocence* hath rear'd
Their Heads above thoſe *Dangers* that appear'd.
God hath vouchſaf'd their harmleſs *Cauſe* to heed,
And ev'n in Thraldom, ſo their Hearts hath freed;
That, whil'ſt they ſeem'd oppreſſed & forlorn,
The *Joy'd*, and *Sung*, and *Laugh'd the World*
(*to ſcorn*.

Lot 39.

YOu have been wronged many ways,
Yet Patient are, and that's your Praiſe.
Your Actions alſo ſeem'd upright,
Yet ſome there are that bear you ſpight.

Leſt therefore you diſcourag'd grow,
An Emblem you have drawn to ſhow,
What other Innocents have born,
And how the Envious world to ſcorn.

Emblem XL.

Emblem XL.

Emb: 40.

Non uno Sternitur Ictu.

The

THE Fortieth Emblem Illuſtrated.

By many ſtrokes the Work is done,
Which cannot be performed by one.

DEſpair not *Man*, in what thou ought'ſt to do,
Although thou fail when one *Attempt* is made;
But, add a *New-Endeavour* thereunto;
And then another, and another, add:
Yea, till thy Pow'r and Life ſhall quite be ſpent,
Perſiſt in ſeeking what thou ſhouldſt deſire;
For, he that falleth from a good *Intent*,
Deſerves not that to which he did aſpire.
Rich *Treaſures* are by *Nature* placed deep;
And ere we gain them, we muſt pierce the *Rocks*:

Such

Such *Perils*, alſo, them, as *Guardians* keep,
That none can win them without wounds and
(knocks.
Moreover, *Glories*, *Thrones*, are ſo ſublime,
That whoſoever thinks their Top to gain,
Till many thouſand weary ſteps he clime,
Doth fool himſelf, by Muſings which are vain.
And yet, there is a *Path way*, which doth lead
Above the higheſt things that Man can ſee;
And (though it be not known to all who tread
The *Common-Tract*) it may aſcended be.
As therefore, none ſhould greater things preſume
Then well becomes their ſtrength; So none
(ſhould fear
Through *Folly*, *Sloth*, or *Baſeneſs*) to aſſume
Such things upon them, which beſeeming are.
Since by *Degrees* we many things ſee wrought,
That ſeem'd impoſſible to have been done,
When they were firſt conceived in the thought
And ſuch as theſe, we may adventure on.
Mine *Arm*, I know, in time will fell an *Oke*;
But, I will ne're attempt it, at a *Stroke*.

Lot 40.

THis Lot befell thee for the nonce,
For if things come not all at once.
Thou to deſpairing ſoon doſt run,
Or leav'ſt thy work that's well begun.

Which to prevent regardful be,
Of what thine Emblem Counſels thee.

Emblem XLI.

Emblem XLI.

Emb: 41.

Ne tenear.

The

THE Forty first Emblem Illuſtrated.

Occaſions paſt are ſought in vain,
But oft, they wheel about again.

UNwiſe are they that ſpend their youthful
In Vanities; as if they did ſuppoſe (*Prime*
That men, at pleaſure, might redeem the *Time*;
For, they a fair advantage fondly loſe.
As ill-adviſ'd be thoſe, who having loſt
The firſt *Occaſions*, to *Deſpairing* run:
For, *Time* hath *Revolutions*; and the moſt,
For their Affairs, have *Seaſons* more then one.
Nor is their Folly ſmall, who much depend
On *Tranſitory things*, as if their Power

Could

Could bring to paſs what ſhould not have an *End*
Or compaſs that which *Time* will not devour.
The firſt *Occaſions*, therefore, ſee thou take
(Which offered are) to bring thy hopes about
And mind thou, ſtill, what *Haſte* away they make
Before thy ſwift-pac't hours are quite run out.
Yet, if an *Opportunity* be paſt,
Deſpair not thou, as they that hopeleſs be;
Since, *Time* may ſo revolve again, at laſt,
That *New-Occaſions* may be offered thee.
And ſee, thou truſt not on thoſe fading things,
Which by thine own *Endeavours* thou acquir'ſt,
For, *Time* (which her own *Births* to ruin brings)
Will ſpare, nor *thee*, nor ought which thou deſir'ſt.
His *Properties*, and *Uſes*, what they are,
In vain obſerv'd will be, when he is fled:
That, they in ſeaſon, therefore may appear,
Our *Emblem*, thus hath him deciphered;
Bald ſave before, and ſtanding on a *Wheel*;
A *Razor* in his Hand, a *Winged Heel*.

Lot 41.

MUch Liberty thou haſt aſſum'd,
And heretofore too much preſum'd.
On Time, which always rideth poſt,
That for a while ſome hopes are croſt.

But ſee to keep thee from deſpair,
And thy Misfortune to repair.
Mark what to thee thy Lot doth tell,
And Practiſe what is counſel'd well.

Emblem XLII.

Emblem XLII.

Viribus jungenda Sapientia.

The

THE

Forty ſecond Emblem Illuſtrated.

When Great Attempts are undergone,
Join Strength and Wiſdom both in one.

IF (*Reader*) thou deſirous be to know
What by the *Centaure*, ſeemeth here intended;
What, alſo by the *Snake*, and by the *Bow*,
Which in his hand, he beareth alway bended:
Learn, that this *half-a man*, and *half-a horſe*,
Is ancient *Hieroglyphick*, teaching thee,
That, *Wiſdom* ſhould be joyn'd with outward (*force*,
If proſperous we deſire our works to be.

His

His *Upper-part*, the ſhape of *Man*, doth bear;
To teach, that *Reaſon* muſt become our *guide*.
The *hinder-parts* a *Horſes* Members are;
To ſhow, that we muſt alſo *ſtrength* provide.
The *Serpent*, and the *Bow*, doth ſignifie
The ſame (or matter to the ſame effect)
And by two *Types*, one *Moral* to imply,
Is doubled a *fore-warning* of *neglect*.
When *Knowledge* wanteth *Power*, deſpis'd we grow
And *know* but how to aggravate our pain:
Great *ſtrength*, will work its own ſad overthrow,
Unleſs, it guided be with *Wiſdoms* rein.

Therefore, Oh God, *vouchſafe thou ſo to marry*
The gifts of Soul *and* Body, *both, in me,*
That, I may ſtill have all things neceſſary,
To work, as I commanded am, by thee.
And, let me not poſſeſs them, Lord, alone,
But, alſo know *their uſe*; *and ſo well* know *it,*
That, I may do each duty *to be done*;
And with upright Intentions, always do it.
If this be more, then yet obtain I may,
My will *accept thou, for the* deed, *I pray.*

Lot 42.

GReat things to do, thou haſt a mind,
But power thereto, thou canſt not find;
Sometimes thy Power doth ſeem to fit,
But then thou faileſt in thy wit.

Such undertakings therefore chuſe,
(If thou thy Time wilt not abuſe)
As to thy Power and wit agree,
And then let both imployed be.

Emblem XLIII.

Emb. 43.

In Silentio & ſpe.

The

THE Forty third Emblem Illustrated.

They that in Hope, and Silence live,
The best Contentment may atchieve.

IF thou desire to cherish true *Content*,
And in a troublous time that course to take,
Which may be likely mischiefs to prevent,
Some use of this our *Hieroglyphick*, make.
The *Fryers Habit*, seemeth to import,
That, thou (as ancient *Monks* and *Fryers* did)
Shouldst live remote, from places of resort,
And in *retiredness*, lye closely hid.
The *clasped-Book*, doth warn thee to retain
Thy *thoughts* within the compass of thy breast;

And in a quiet *silence* to remain,
Untill thy mind may safely be expresst.
That *Ancher* doth inform thee, that thou mu
Walk on in *Hope*, and in thy Pilgrimage,
Bear up (without *despairing* or *disturst*)
Those wrongs, and sufferings, which attend thin
For, whensoe're *Oppression* groweth rife, (*Ag*
Obscureness, is more safe than *Eminence*;
He that then keeps his *Tongue*, may keep his *Lif*
Till times will better favour *Innocence*.
Truth spoken where *untruth* is more approved,
Will but enrage the malice of thy foes;
And, otherwhile, a wicked man is moved
To cease from wrong, if no man him oppose.
Let this our *Emblem*, therefore, counsel the
Thy Life in safe *Retiredness*, to spend:
Let in thy breast, thy thoughts reserved be,
Till thou art laid, where none can thee offend.
And whilst most others, give their *Fancy scope*
Enjoy thy self, in *Silence*, and in *Hope*.

Lot 43.

THou haſt in Publick lived long,
And overfreely us'd thy Tongue.
But if thy ſafety thou deſire,
Be ſilent and thy ſelf retire;

And if thou wilt not be undone,
Poſſeſs thy *Joys* and *Hopes* alone.
For they that will from harm be free,
Muſt quiet and obſcured be.

Emblem XLIV.

Emb. 44.

Non est Mortale quod opto.

The

THE
Forty fourth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Take wing my ſoul, and mount up higher,
For Earth fulfils not my deſire.

WHen *Ganymed*, himſelf was purifying,
Great *Jupiter*, his naked beauty ſpying,
Sent forth his *Eagle* (from below to take him)
A bleſt Inhabitant in Heav'n to make him:
And there (as Poets feigned) he doth ſtill,
To *Jove*, and other *God heads*, Nectar fill.
Though this be but a *Fable*, of their feigning,
The *Moral* is a *Real truth*, pertaining
To ev'ry one (which harbours a deſire
Above the Starry *Circles*, to aſpire.)

By *Ganymed* the *Soul* is underſtood,
That's waſhed in the *Purifying flood*
Of ſacred *Baptiſm* (which doth make her ſeem
Both pure and beautiful, in *God's* eſteem.)
The *Ægle* means that Heav'nly *Contemplation*,
Which, after Waſhings of *Regeneration*,
Lifts up the *Mind*, from things that earthly be,
To view thoſe *Objects*, which *Faith's* Eyes do ſee.
The *Nectar*, which is filled out, and given
To all the bleſt *Inhabitants of Heaven*, (have,
Are thoſe *Delights*, which (*Chriſt* hath ſaid) they
When ſome *Repentant Soul* begins to leave
Her foulneſs; by renewing of her *birth*,
And ſlighting all the *Pleaſures* of the Earth.

I ask not, *Lord*, thoſe Bleſſings to receive,
Which any Man hath pow'r to take, or give;
Nor what this World affords; for I contemn
Her Favours; and have ſeen the beſt of them;

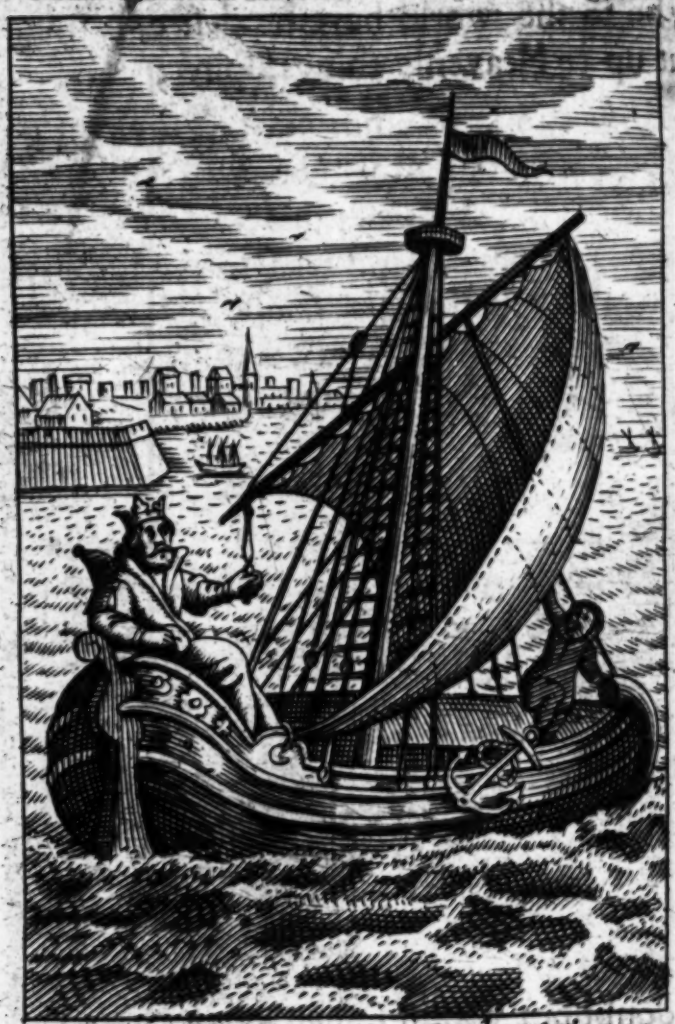
Nay, *Heav'n* it ſelf, will unſufficient be,
Unleſs *Thou* alſo give *Thy ſelf* to me.

Lot 44.

THis Lot pertaineth unto thoſe,
(But who they be, God only knows)
Who to the world have no deſire,
But up to Heavenly things aſpire;

No doubt but you in ſome degree,
Indu'd with ſuch Affections be,
And got this Emblem, that you might
Encourag'd be in ſuch a flight.

Emblem XLV.



Emb: 45.

Dum Clavum rectum Teneam.

The

THE Forty fifth Emblem Illuſtrated.

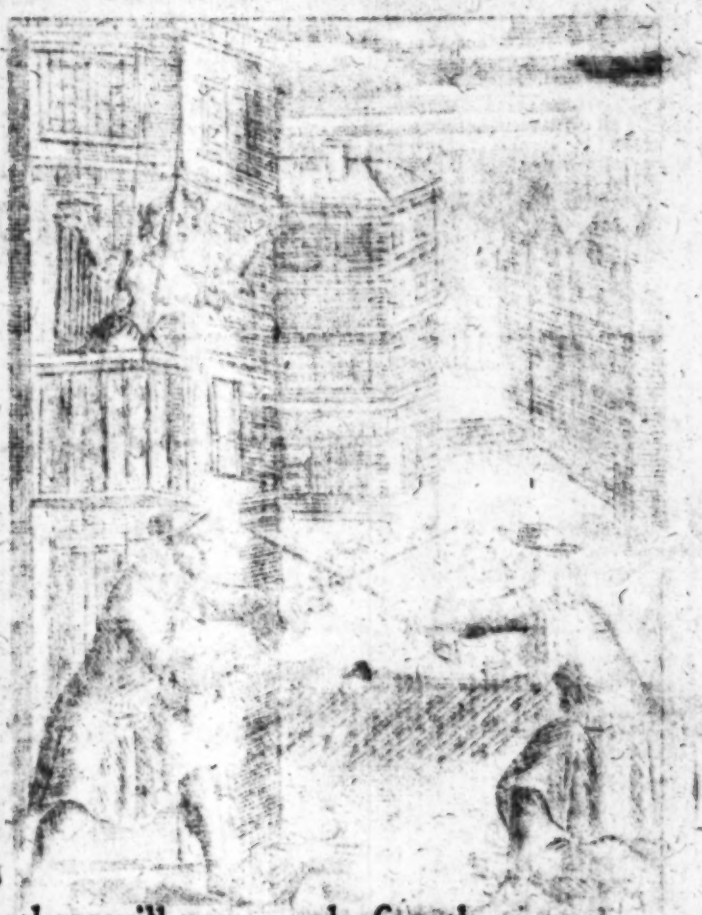
He that his courſe directly ſteers,
Nor) ſtorms, nor windy Cenſures fears.

WE to the *Sea* this *World* may well compare;
For, ev'ry Man which liveth in the ſame,
Is as a *Pilot*, to ſome *Veſſel* there,
Of little ſize, or elſe of larger frame.
Some have the *Boats* of their own *Life* to guide,
Some, govern petty Town ſhips too beſide
Some of whole *Families* row the *Barge*,
(To thoſe compar'd, which of ſmall *Barks* have charge)
Some

Some others rule great *Provinces*; and they
Reſemble *Captains* of huge *Argoſes*:
But when of *Kingdoms*, any gain the Sway,
To *Generals of Fleets* we liken theſe.
Each hath his proper *Courſe* to him aſſign'd,
His *Card*, his *Compaſs*, his due *Tacklings*, too;
And if their Buſineſs, as they ought they mind,
They may accompliſh all they have to do.
But moſt Men leave the Care of their own *Courſe*,
To judge or follow others, in their waies;
And when their Follies make their Fortunes worſe,
They curſe the *Deſtiny*, which they ſhould praiſe.
For, *Waves* and *Winds*, and that oft-changing *Weather*,
Which many blame, as cauſe of all their *Loſſes*,
(Though they obſerve it not) helps bring together
Thoſe *Hopes*, which their own *Wiſdom* often croſſes.
Regard not, therefore much, what thoſe things be,
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy *Way*;
Nor, how, *Raſh-Lookers-on* will cenſure thee;
But, faithfully, to do thy part, aſſay:
For, if thou ſhalt not from this *Counſel* vary,
Let my *Hopes* fail me, if thy *Hopes* miſcarry:

Lot 45.

THy hopes and Fears are always ſuch,
That they afflict, and pain thee much,
Becauſe thou giv'ſt too great a ſcope,
Unto thy *Fear*, and to thy *Hope*.



For they will vex, or pleaſure thee,
As they enlarg'd, or curbed be.
But ſee, thine Emblem, if thou pleaſe,
Inſtructs thee how to manage theſe.

Emblem XLVI.

Emblem XLVI.

Ubi Helena, ubi Troja.

The

THE Forty ſixth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Where Helen *is, there will be war,*
For Death and Luſt Companions are.

THeir fooliſh humour I could ne're affect,
Who dare, for any cauſe, the *Stews* frequent:
And thither, where I juſtly might ſuſpect
A *Strumpet* liv'd, as yet, I never went.
For, when (as *Fools* pretend) they go to ſeek
Experience, where more *Ill* then *Good*, they ſee;
They venture for their *Knowledg*, *Adam* like;
And ſuch as his, will their *Atchievements* be.
Let, therefore thoſe that would looſe *Truls* deteſt,
Converſe with none, but thoſe that modeſt are;
For,

For, they that can of *Whoredom* make a Jeſt,
Will entertain it ere they be aware.
Chaſt-Company, and *Chaſt-Diſcourſe*, doth make
The Mind more pleaſed with it, ev'ry day;
And *Frequent views of Wantonneſs* will take
The Senſe and Hatred of the *Vice* away.

Some, I have known, by *Harlots* Wiles undone,
Who, but *to ſee their Faſhions*, firſt pretended;
And they that went *for Company*, alone, (ended.
By ſuddain Quarrels, there their Dayes have
For in the Lodgings of a *Luſtfull-Woman*,
Immodeſt *Impudence* hath ſtill her Being;
There, *Fury*, *Fraud*, and *Cruelties* are common:
And there, is *Want*, and *Shame*, and *Diſagreeing*.
Ev'n *Beauty*, of it ſelf, ſtirs looſe Deſires,
Occaſioning both *Jealouſies*, and *Fears*;
It kindleth in the Breſt, conceal'd *Fires*, (pears:
Which burn the Heart, before the *Flame* ap-
And ev'ry day, experienced are we;
That, there where *Helen* is, *Troys* Fate will be.

Lot 46.

YOur Lot is, very much to blame,
Or elſe your Perſon, or your name,
Hath injur'd been; Or may have wrong,
By ſome looſe *Wanton*, ere't be long.

Therefore ere hence you go away,
Mark what your Emblem here doth ſay;
Perhaps by drawing of this Lot,
Some Harms prevention may be got.

Emblem XLVII.

Emblem XLVII.

Emb: 47.

Conſequitur quodcunque petit.

The

THE Forty ſeventh Emblem Illuſtrated.

Who by Good Means Good things would gain,
Shall never ſeek nor aſk in vain.

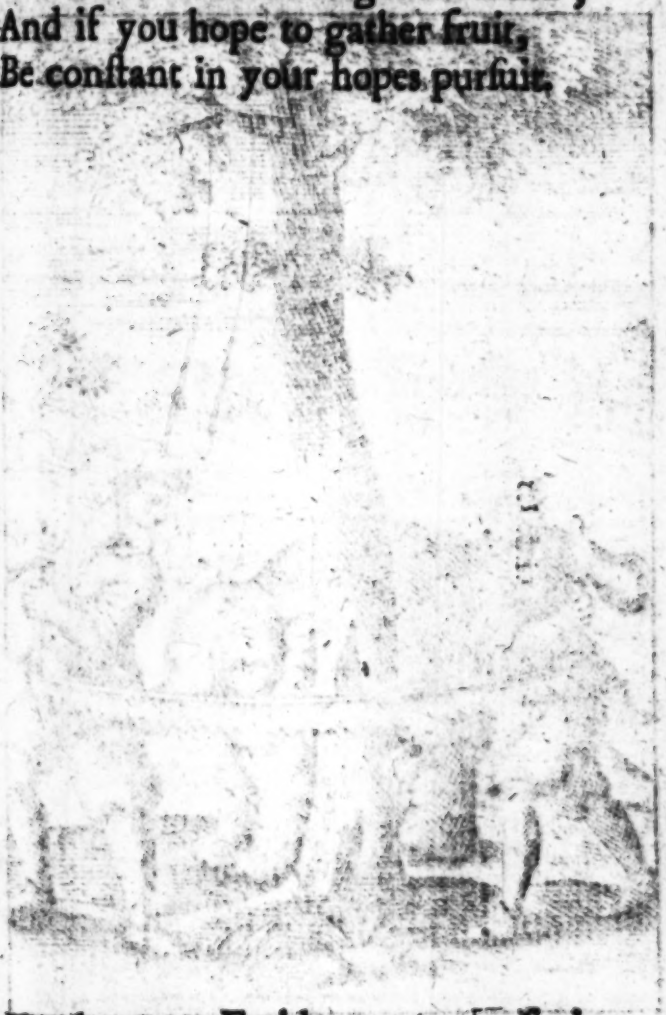
IN vain fair *Cynthia* never taketh pains,
Nor faints in following her deſired *Game*;
And when at any Mark her Bow ſhe ſtrains,
The winged Arrow ſurely hits the ſame.
Her *Picture*, therefore, in this place doth ſhew
The Nature of their *Minds* who *Cynthia* like,
With *Conſtancy* their *Purpoſes* purſue,
And faint not till they compaſs what they ſeek.
For, nought more *God-like* in this World is found
Then ſo *Reſolved a man*, that nothing may

His

His *Reſolution* alter or confound,
When any task of *Worth*, he doth aſſay.
Nor, is there greater Baſeneſs, then thoſe *Minds*,
That from an *Honeſt purpoſe* can be wrough:
By *Threatnings*, *Bribes*, *Smooth-Gales* or *Boyſt'rous*,
What ever colour or excuſe be brought. (*Winds*,
You then, that would with *Pleaſure*, *Glory* gain,
Diana like, thoſe modeſt things require,
Which truly may beſeem you to attain;
And ſtoutly follow that which you deſire:
For, changing though the *Moon* to us appear,
She holds a firm Dependence on the *Sun*;
And by a *Conſtant-Motion*, in her *Sphere*
With him, doth in *Conjunction* often run:
So, *Conſtant-men*, ſtill move their hopes to win
But never by a *Motion-indirect*;
Nor will they ſtop the Courſe that they are in,
Untill they bring their purpoſe to effect.
For, whoſoever *Honeſt things* requires,
A *Promiſe* hath of all that he deſires.

Lot 47.

IF any thing you do design,
Purſue it with a vigorous mind;
And if you hope to gather fruit,
Be conſtant in your hopes purſuit.



For by your Emblem you may find,
The Stars to you are well inclin'd.
Provided your attempts be good,
For that muſt ſtill be underſtood.

Emblem XLVIII

Emblem XLVIII.

Nul quam tuta fides.

The

THE Forty eighth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Uſe Caution whereſoe're yoube.
For from deceit no place is free.

SOme (write (but, on what grounds, I cannot tell)
That they, who near unto the *Deſerts* dwell,
Where *Elephants* are found, do notice take, (make;
What trees they haunt, their ſleeping ſtocks to
That, when they reſt againſt an half-ſawn ſtem
It (falling) may betray thoſe Beaſts to them.
Now, though the part *Hiſtorical*, may err,
The *Morall*, which this *Emblem* doth inferr,
Is over true; and ſeemeth to imply,
The *World* to be ſo full of Treachery,

As

As that no corner of it, found can be,
In which from Falſhoods Engines, we are free.
I have obſerv'd the *City*, and I find,
The *Citizens*, are civil, grave and kind;
Yet many are deluded by their ſhows,
And cheated, when they truſt in them repoſe.
I have been oft at *Court*; where I have ſpent,
Some idle time, to hear them *Complement*:
But I have ſeen in *Courtiers* ſuch deceit.
That for their Favours, I could never wait.
I do frequent the *Church*; and I have heard
Gods judgments, by the *Preachers*, there declar'd
Againſt mens falſhoods; and I gladly hear
Their zealous *Prayers*, and good *Counſels* there
But as I live, I find ſome ſuch as they,
Will watch to do a miſchief, if they may.
Nay thoſe poor ſneaking *Clowns*, who ſeek their
(living
As if they knew no manner of deceiving;
Ev'n *thoſe*, their *wit*, can (this way) ſo apply
That they'l ſoon couſen wiſer men, than I.

Lot. 48.

SOme Foes for thee do lye in wait,
Where thou ſuſpecteſt no deceit.
Yea many do thy hurt intend,
Who yet pretend the name of friend.

Be therefore careful whom you truſt,
What ways thou walkſt and what thou doſt,
For by thing Emblem thou mayſt ſee,
That warineſs will needful be.

Emblem XLIX.

Omnis Caro Fœnum.

The

THE Forty ninth Emblem Illuſtrated.

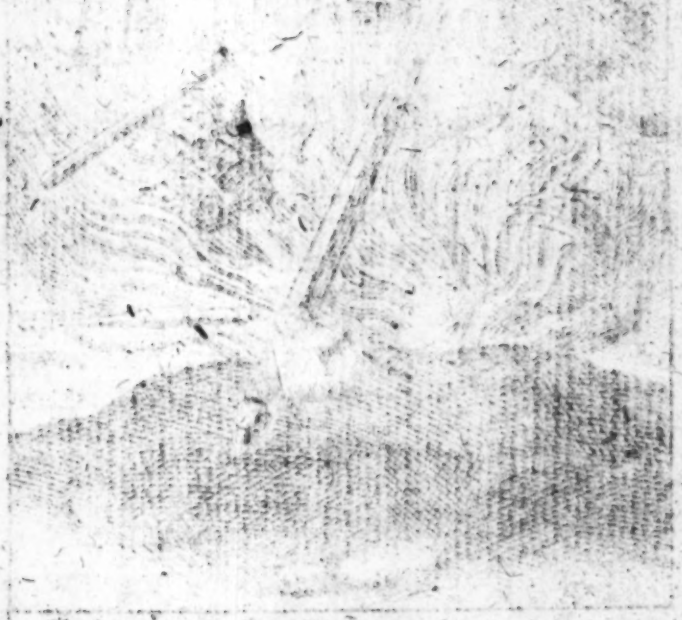
All fleſh is like the wither'd Hay,
It ſprings, and grows, and fades away.

THis *Infant*, and this little Truſs of *Hay*,
When they are moralized, ſeem to ſay,
That *Fleſh* is but a tuft of Morning-*Graſs*,
Both green and wither'd, ere the day-light paſs.
And ſuch we truly find it; for behold,
Aſſoon as man is born, he waxeth old,
In Griefs, in Sorrows, or Neceſſities;
And withers ev'ry hour, until he dies:
Now flouriſhing as *Graſs*, when it is grown,
Straight periſhing, as *Graſs*, when it is mown.

If we with other things, mans *Age* compare,
His *Life* is but a *Day* (For equall'd are
His *Years* with *Hours*: His *Months* will *Minutes*
Fit parallels; and ev'ry *breathing* we (be
May term a *Day*) yet, some ev'n at the *Night*
Of that short *Day*, are dead, and withered quite.
Before the *Morning* of our lives be done,
The *Flesh* oft fades: Sometime, it grows till *Noon*:
But there's no mortal *Flesh*, that will abide
Unparched longer, than till *Evening-tide.*
For in it self it always carries that,
Which helpeth so it self to ruinate; (*flame,*
That though it feel, nor *storm*, nor scorching
An inbred *Canker*, will consume the same.
Considering well, and well remembring this,
Account the *Flesh* no better than it is:
Wrong not thine everlasting *Soul*, to cherish
A *Gourd*, which in a moments time will perish.
Give it the tendance fit for fading *Crops*;
But for *Hay-harvest*, lose not better hopes.

Lot 49.

THy fleſh thou Lov'ſt, as if it were
The chiefeſt object of thy care;
And of ſuch value as may ſeem,
Well meriting thy beſt eſteem.



But now to baniſh that conceit,
Thy Lot an Emblem brings to ſight.
Which without Flattery ſhews to thee,
Of what regard it ought to be.

Emblem L.

Emb: 50.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi.

The

THE Fiftieth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Even as the ſmoke doth paſs away,
So ſhall all worldly pomp decay.

SOme better *Argument*, then yet I ſee,
I muſt perceive; and better cauſes, why
To thoſe gay things I ſhould addicted be,
To which the vulgar their *Affections* tye.
I have conſider'd *Scepters*, *Miters*, *Crowns*,
With each appurtenance to them belonging;
My *heart*, hath ſearch'd their *Glories*, and *Renowns*,
And all the pleaſant things about them thronging:

My *Soul*, hath truly weigh'd, and took the
(measure
Of *Riches* (which the moſt have ſo deſir'd)
I have diſtill'd the Quinteſſence of *Pleaſure*,
And ſeen thoſe Objects, that are moſt admir'd.
I likewiſe feel all *Paſſions*, and *Affections*,
That help to cheat the *Reaſon*, and perſwade
That thoſe poor *Vanities* have ſome perfections,
Whereby their Owners, happy might be made.
Yet when that I have rouzed my *underſtanding*,
And cleans'd my Heart from ſome of that Cor-
(ruption,
Which hinders in me *Reaſon's* free commanding,
And ſhews things without vails or interruption;
Then they, methinks, as fruitleſs do appear,
As *Bubbles*(wherewithall young-children play)
Or, as the *Smoak*, which in our *Emblem*, here,
Now makes a ſhow, and ſtraight conſumes away.
Be pleas'd, Oh God, *my value may be ſuch*
Of every Outward-bleſſing *here below*,
That I may neither love them overmuch,
Nor underpriſe the Gifts, *thou ſhalt beſtow*:
But know the uſe of all theſe fading *Smokes*:
And be refreſht, by that which others chokes.

Lot 50.

IN outward Pomp thy Pleasures are,
Thy hope of Bliss is placed there,
And thou this folly wilt not leave,
Till of content it thee bereave:

Unless thou timely come to see
How vain all earthly Glories be.
An Emblem therefore thou hast gain'd,
By which this knowledg is obtained.

These six following Chances or Lots have no Emblems belonging to them, and therefore you need look no further for them, but make the best of what you have got, these being only added for sport and Recreation.

51.

THy Lot no answer will bestow
To that which thou desir'st to know:
Nor canst thou here an Emblem find
Which to thy purpose is inclin'd.
Perhaps it is too late to crave
What thou desirest now to have:
Or but in vain to mention that,
Which thy Ambition aimeth at:
Then take it not in evil part,
That with a Blank thou answer'd art.

52.

IT proves a Blank; For to what end,
Should we a serious Moral spend.
Where *Teachings*, *Warnings* and *Advice*,
Esteemed are of little price.
Your only purpose is to look
Upon the Pictures of this book:
When more discretion you have got,
An Emblem shall attend your Lot.

53.

THeſe Lots are almoſt five to one
Above the Blanks; yet thou haſt none,
If thus thy fortune ſtill proceed;
'Tis five to one, If well thou ſpeed.
Yet if thou doſt not much neglect,
To do as wiſdom ſhall direct,
It is a thouſand unto five,
But thou in all thy Hopes wilt thrive:

54.

YOu may be glad you drew not that,
Which in your mind you gueſſed at.
For it ſo points out that condition,
Whereof you give a great ſuſpition,
That had it ſuch an Emblem nam'd,
As fits you right you had been ſham'd.
Since then your fault is unreveal'd,
Amend, and keep it ſtill conceal'd.

55.

YOu in your ſecret th ghts deſpiſe,
To think an Emblem ſhould adviſe,
Or give you cauſe to mind or heed,
Thoſe things whereof you may have need.
And therefore when the Lot you try'd,
An anſwer juſtly was denied.
Yet (by your leave) there are but few,
Who need *good Counſel more than you.*

56.

THe *Chance* which thou obtained haſt,
Of all the *Chances* is the laſt.

And casting up the Total sums,
We find thy *Gain* to *Nothing* comes.
Yet if it well be understood,
This *Chance* may Chance to do thee good.
For it foretells what Portion shall,
To every one at last befall.
And warns while something is enjoy'd,
That it be always well imploy'd.

CONCLUSIONS.

1.

THe Glories of our Birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things.
There is no Armour 'gainst our fate,
Death lays his Icy hands on Kings.
Scepter and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid,
With the poor crooked Sythe and Spade.

2.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill.
But their strong Nerves at length must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early, or late,
They stoop to fate:
And must give up their murmuring breath,
Whilst the pale Captive creeps to Death.

3.

The Laurel withers on your Brow,
Then boast no more your mighty Deeds.
For on Deaths Purple Altar now,
See where the Victor, Victim bleeds.
All heads must come,
To the cold Tomb.
Only the Actions of the Just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Directions for finding the Chances in the following Lottery.

TUrn about the Index, upon the following Lottery or figure, without caſting your eyes thereupon to obſerve where it ſtayeth, till your hand ceaſeth to give it motion; and then look, upon what number it reſteth; Then look for the ſame number among the Lots, which having read it directs you to the Emblem of the ſame number likewiſe; If the Letter M be ſet before the Lot (as it is in three or four places) then that Lot is proper only to a Man, and therefore if it happen to a woman let her take the next Chance, whether it be Blank or Lot. If it be any number above fifty, there being fifty ſix in all, it is a Blank Chance, and you may look for your Lot the latter end of the Book among the ſix laſt Chances which are without Emblems. The Tryal whereof is thus contrived without Dice, leſt by the Familiar uſe of them they might ſometimes occaſion expenſive and pernicious Gaming.

But

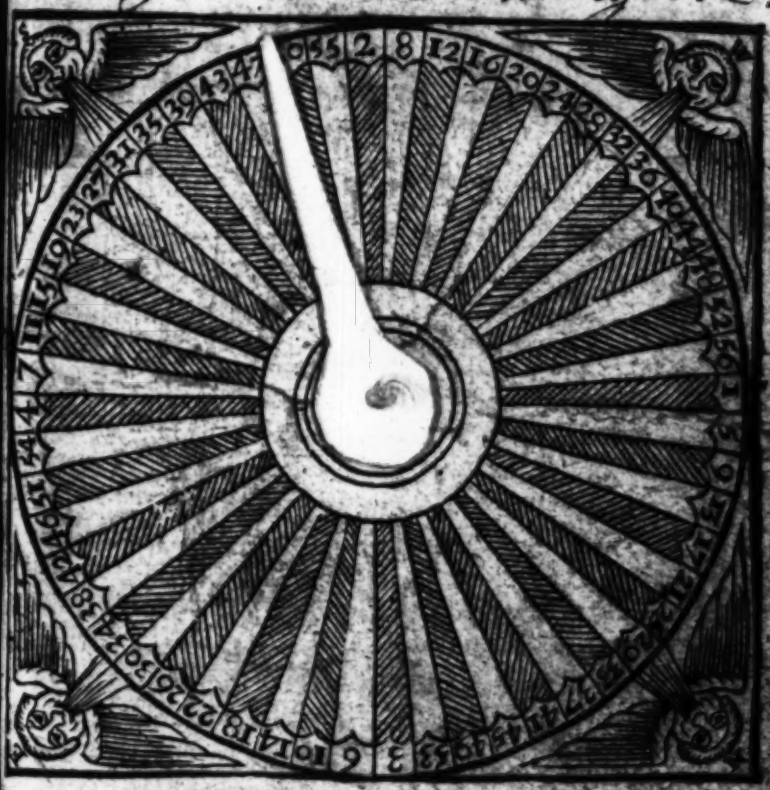
If King, Queen, Prince, *or any one that ſprings From Perſons, known to be deriv'd from* King, *Shall ſeek, for* Sport ſake, *hence to draw their* Lots; Our Author *ſays, that he provided not*

For

For such as those; *Because it were too much*
For him, to find out Fortunes *fit for such,*
Who, (as he thinks) should rather Aid *supply*
For him to mend his evil Fortunes *by.*
To them *he therefore pleased is to give*
This noble and this large Prerogative; *(please*
That they shall chuse from hence, what Lots *they*
And make them better, if they like not these.
All other Personages, *of* High degree,
That will profess our Authors friends to be,
This Freedom, *likewise have, that till they find*
A Lot, *which is agreeing to their mind,*
They shall have liberty, anew to try
Their fortune for Chance: And ev'ry time apply
The Morals they disliked, unto those,
Which are, thought fit, among their Foes.
All others who this Game, *adventure will,*
Must bear their Fortunes, be they Good or Ill.

The Figure or Lottery.

Eliza Buckle Hokington.



THis Game occaſions not the frequent crime
Of ſwearing, or miſpending of our time,
Nor loſs of money, for the Play is ſhort,
And every Gameſter winneth by the ſport,
We therefore Judg, it may as well become,
The *Hall*, the Parlor, or the *Dining Room*,
As Cheſs or Tables; and we think the price
Will be as low, becauſe it needs no Dice.

FINIS.

Finis.

Time crowned with Eternity
for human Eyes,
What fate the title most has
from human Eyes—

Isaac Bankle
Hedingham Castle
Essex
May 2. 1814
Tuesday

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